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THE RELATIONS BETWEEN FRANCE AND RUSSIA SINCE 1871.

THE diplomatic relations of France with Russia have given rise to much discussion. Influenced by motives which it is easy to divine, the newspapers of those countries which belong to the so-called Alliance of Peace have attempted to misrepresent their real nature, and the English Press has too frequently echoed these angry and unjust invectives.

The public ought to know the truth. They should be enabled to see that the only cause of the understanding between France and Russia consists in the desire for peace which is common to both nations. This understanding has repeatedly prevented the occurrence of serious conflicts; England has concurred on several important occasions, and this concurrence has had much to do with the revival of a feeling of security in Europe, a confidence in the future, which has of late years given place to incessant alarms.

We are fully entitled to enter into this explanation, since the understanding in question is not founded, and has never been founded, on any written convention, and during the exchange of diplomatic relations the only documents of a confidential character were published by M. de Kératry in the lifetime of General Le Flô.

We are, therefore, not about to make any revelations to the public. Those who read this article with the hope of discover-

ing the indiscretions of which the diplomatists of different countries have lately afforded frequent examples, will be deceived in their expectations. We shall be content to recall facts already known, and to represent them in their true character. Our only object is to prevent the growth of legends which have been astutely diffused by interested parties, often to the hindrance of that alliance between peoples which is to their real advantage.

The Crimean War left no trace of bad feeling between the two nations. In 1860, Russia lent effectual aid to the French Government in its solution of the Syrian question, and in the annexation of Nice and Savoy. The understanding appeared to be perfect until, in 1863, Napoleon attempted to intervene in the affairs of Poland ; an intervention which was as ill-advised as it was ineffectual. This was one of the chief causes of the disasters by which he was destined to be overwhelmed seven years later.

Russian diplomacy, however, foreseeing that the constitution of United Germany was imminent, and that the union of Italy would also be completed, felt that the former equilibrium of Europe was about to be completely destroyed. Russia made repeated overtures to the Court of the Tuileries, to consider whether it would be possible to come to some common agreement which might guarantee the independence of the Western peoples. In 1866, beneath the shock of the storm which broke upon the head of Austria ; in 1867, when the Emperor Alexander II. was in Paris ; in 1869, a few months before war broke out between France and Germany, precise and definite propositions, dictated by a just appreciation of the relative situations of the great Continental Powers, were presented to Napoleon III. He, however, refused to listen to them, and the Ministry at Berlin assumed the position at the Court of St. Petersburg which was deserted by the French Government.

The ascendency of Germany at the Russian Court was very considerable throughout the reign of Alexander II. As long as

he lived, that Emperor accorded to the King of Prussia the respectful attachment of a devoted kinsman. Persecuted by Nihilism, which made his life a torment, and his death a martyrdom, he always regarded William as the most powerful adversary of universal revolution. He was also attached to the Prussian Army, which was the object of his admiration, and he estimated its true value, even before its achievements had astonished the world. He was acquainted with the names of all the regiments, and he bestowed decorations on its chief officers. A dexterous use was made of these sentiments at the moment when the ill-advised declaration of war put France in the wrong, and a private letter from Alexander II., written without the knowledge of his Ministry, engaged him on the side of King William. We may now, speaking dispassionately, assert that the attitude maintained by Russia throughout the war of 1870-71 rendered possible the crushing triumph of the German army. By paralysing Austria, by discouraging the inclinations of Italy, and by guaranteeing to Germany the security both of her southern and eastern frontiers, Russia permitted the last-named Power to strip her eastern provinces of troops, to overwhelm France.

In great crises of international policy, the popular instinct is often a surer guide than the official relations of Courts and Cabinets. The success of the German armies was not hailed in Russia as the triumph of an ally, and our disasters were deplored like those of brothers. M. de Gabriac, the French Chargé d'Affaires at St. Petersburg, wrote as follows to a friend on March 14th, 1871: "A considerable sum has been received by the committee of relief to the wounded, and I may add some touching particulars. Some of the poor, who have no money to give, have offered goods in kind, and in that part of St. Petersburg which is inhabited by small shopkeepers, contributions have been made with an enthusiasm which has been remarked in high circles. The subscriptions in Moscow have also been numerous, and I have received an address from four hundred

students in that city, expressing in the name of their colleagues, and of an immense majority of the inhabitants, their sympathy with France."

Dating from this period, the policy of the Russian Government with respect to France has been inspired by a unity of view which must not be ignored. During the latter years of the reign of Alexander II., and since the accession of his son, the policy of Russia has not varied: it has not been modified in any way, either by the suggestion of conquests in the direction of the Bosphorus, by the provocation received in the Balkan peninsula, or by the repeated blunders of our diplomatists, from the release of Hartmann down to the bombardment of Sagallo. It may be summed up in two words: a resolution that no one shall trouble France throughout the period necessary for the reconstitution of her power.

Russia lost no time in recognising the Government of M. Thiers, and the recognition of the new Chief of the State was made in the most flattering terms. Her good offices were employed to obtain Prussia's permission to suppress the insurrection of Paris.

During the years which followed the conclusion of the Treaty of Frankfurt, and down to the beginning of the year 1874, Germany professed the greatest inclination for peace, and her newspaper Press abstained from the insults and menaces which have since that date gone on with little intermission. But German diplomacy was not inactive. During this period of apparent tranquillity, the minds of the men employed in the direction of our foreign affairs were gravely pre-occupied, and France was menaced by a great danger. Germany had recourse to the Court of St. Petersburg, in order that Russia might guarantee her possession of Alsace and Lorraine. An interview was arranged at Berlin, and advantage was once more taken of the Emperor William's ascendency over Alexander II.

On October 4th, 1872, General Le Flô was able to telegraph to Paris: "Thank God, it is no longer doubtful that nothing

has been signed, that no agreement has been made." And this was the fact; the guarantee which Italy—delivered by our arms from the domination of Austria—gave to Germany a few years later, was refused by Russia, with whom we fought at Sebastopol.

But the Government of Berlin was not easily discouraged. Negotiations were renewed in 1873, in which the Court of Vienna also took part, and the guarantee which was the object in view, was included under the name of the reconstitution of a new Holy Alliance. This attempt was as unsuccessful as the former one, and Germany was compelled to admit that Russia would not lend herself to any combination against France.

The attitude of Germany then changed, and she adopted new tactics. Some of the French Bishops alluded to the Kulturkampf in their charges, and this served as the pretext. The tone of the newspapers became most insulting, and for the first time France was subject to threats, uttered even in the tribune of the Reichstag, of which the sad chorus has been so often repeated since that day. There was considerable excitement, and the negotiations, which were then active, received a sudden check.

In presence of a crisis, of which it was still impossible to foresee the direction and intensity, the French Government had no choice: only one course was open to it.

Alexander II. submitted without resistance to be closely watched, since he did not wish to arouse the jealous susceptibilities of the Court of Berlin. He could go nowhere, except in company of the Ambassador, or of an aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Germany. Yet he never ceased to display his special regard for General Le Flô, who at that time was the French representative in St. Petersburg, and who had the privilege of access to Alexander's presence. Support might be derived from this sympathy in high quarters, and circumstances appeared to the Duc Decazes to be sufficiently grave to justify him in appealing to it. General Le Flô was directed to

ask for an audience of the Emperor, and he acquitted himself of his mission on April 16th, 1874. Admitted to Alexander's presence, he set forth the sufferings of his country with the emotion of a patriot. He pointed out the preparations for war, and the movement of troops which was constantly taking place upon our frontiers, as if a campaign were about to begin. The Emperor replied in a firm voice: "Set your Government at rest. . . . France will be allowed to recover in peace. There will be no war." A few days afterwards Alexander II., accompanied by his Chancellor, went to Berlin, and in the month of May a healing state of tranquillity succeeded to the excitement of the early months of the year. Prince Gortschakoff explained to General Le Flô that the movement of troops was merely strategic, and a Parliamentary ruse, in order to obtain the confirmation of the first clause of the military law, which involved the principle of the Septennate.

The story of our diplomatic relations with the Court of St. Petersburg is a painful one for Frenchmen, since it recalls all the sufferings through which we have passed during the long period of the reconstitution of our national forces. I fear that it may appear uninteresting to readers accustomed to find in the English newspapers daily revelations of the dark machinations of France and Russia.

It is to the honour of the Republic that it has ensured the independence and safety of France by the restoration of her military power, and has not been turned aside from this great task, either by provocations or threats. It is to the honour of the Russian Empire that it has permitted no interference with such restoration, and has placed its mission as a protector above the pursuit of direct and personal advantages.

History will perhaps be more just to both countries than their contemporaries have shown themselves to be.

In the spring of 1879 the Berlin journals opened a great campaign against France, nor was it any longer simply a Press

warfare. Since the publication of General Le Flô's famous despatches to the Duc Decazes, and the revelations which were made in the controversy which followed this publication, M. de Radowitz's mission to St. Petersburg became generally known. Everyone is aware that this diplomat was commissioned to ascertain the intentions of Russia, in case Germany decided to declare war against France. He was to intimate what concessions the Berlin Cabinet was prepared to make in the East, in return for the facilities accorded at St. Petersburg. General Le Flô wrote, on April 21st, 1879: "I am certain that overtures have been made in this direction, and the insidious question has been posed with a trivial air, in course of conversation, as if it was without importance: 'What do you wish for? What claim do you make upon Turkey?' The answer was given: 'We do not wish to add to our possessions. We wish to maintain the present state of things in the East, together with the peace, which is as necessary to the unfortunate Christian inhabitants of Turkey as to their Western brethren.'"

The gravity of the situation, as it affected the future of France, was immensely increased by the motive put forward by Germany, as a justification of her warlike preparations and threats.

The grievance alleged against France consisted in the formation of the fourth battalions. If Europe had agreed to consider such an accusation admissible there would have been an end, not merely of the recovery of France, but of her national independence. She would have forfeited that which constitutes the essential attribute of the sovereignty of the people, the unrestricted right of deciding how large an army was necessary for her security.

I do not propose to give an account of the negotiations carried on at this time, one of the most critical which we have experienced, between General Le Flô, Prince Gortschakoff, and his august master, since the facts are already well known. Everyone is aware that Alexander II. listened to this final

appeal to his magnanimity, and our rights were admitted. It would, however, be ungrateful on our part to give the honour of this success exclusively to Russia. England took a noble share in the triumph of justice, which saved Europe from the great danger which threatened her independence.

The Duc Decazes had charged our representatives to declare to the Great Powers his fears for the safety of France, and for the maintenance of peace in Europe, and to request their concurrence. On May 6th, 1879, the French Chargé d'Affaires in London acted on these instructions. Lord Derby replied that he was not yet possessed of information which would enable him to decide with certainty whether the Berlin Government really wished for war, or only desired to create the impression that this was their wish. The English Minister was, however, quite ready to admit that the secret intentions of the Chancellor, whose will was uncontrolled, were a source of great perplexity, and that Europe had reverted to the state in which she was at the time when her fate was in the hands of the First Napoleon.

Our Chargé d'Affaires then called Lord Derby's attention to the fact that we might be attacked. The Foreign Secretary replied that such an aggression would excite general indignation in Europe, and that the feeling would nowhere be stronger than in England. Germany herself would not dare to brave such an expression of opinion. "At any rate," he added, "you may depend upon us, and be sure that the English Government will not fail in its duty. On this point I can give you all the assurances which can be given by the Minister of a constitutional sovereign." Our representative then remarked to Lord Derby that there are events which may be prevented by foreseeing them, and that he hoped that England would lose no time in expressing her sentiments. "You are right," replied the Minister, "and I have already spoken to the German Ambassador in London. I have told him that we do not imagine that the alarm expressed in Berlin, with respect to the

armament of France, is to be taken seriously, since it is well known that France makes no complaint against your Government, so that the loud complaints on the part of Germany appear to be a pretext. I did not conceal from him that I was unable to understand what interest his Government had in keeping Europe in a state of uneasiness."

On May 9th, Lord Derby announced that he had received a telegram from Lord Odo Russell, the English Ambassador at Berlin, from which he confidently hoped that all danger was at an end. He had, however, replied to this telegram by requesting Lord Odo Russell to unite his efforts with those of the Emperor of Russia for the maintenance of peace. Lord Derby added: "I know that the action of Russia may be more powerful than our own in this crisis, since she is in a position to support her representations by arms, and the Emperor Alexander is resolved to speak with energy."

On the following day the Foreign Secretary sent for M. Gavard, in order to read to him a telegram which he had just received from the Chancellor's office in Berlin, promising that the German Government would do nothing to disturb the peace of Europe. "The matter is at an end," he added: "I only regret that we were unable to obtain the concurrence of Austria. This shows that she is full of lively apprehension for herself." Lord Derby, added with a smile: "You know that everyone in Berlin denies that war was thought of. Prince Bismarck, indeed, puts the blame on Marshal Moltke. As for himself, he has never thought of it; but he has at any rate talked a good deal about it."

The Government of the Republic officially thanked the Queen's Government. On May 19th, the Duc Decazes wrote as follows to our Chargé d'Affaires: "I beg that you will express to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs all the gratitude we feel for the opportune intervention of Her Britannic Majesty's Government in a crisis of the most threatening character, which has been in great measure settled by its good

offices. There can be no doubt that a great service has been rendered, not only to our own country, but to all Europe by the association of England with Russia in giving counsels of moderation to Germany, and in inviting the other Powers to take the same step. The loud protestations of peace which have now been uttered by the Chancellor at Berlin, the remarkable change of tone and language which may be observed in the official or officious organs of the Berlin Cabinet; the feelings of tranquillity which have ensued from it, are the valuable results of the action exerted by the Governments which are friends of peace, at the moment when there were the gravest signs of its being broken to our disadvantage.

"In expressing to Lord Derby our gratitude for the decision and energy displayed by him in these critical circumstances, I am anxious to think that the lesson to be derived from these incidents will not be lost in the future. Europe is now not only aware of the dangers which may arise from one moment to another, from the uneasy passions which have prevailed on the further side of the Rhine since the last war: she also knows that henceforward the way is open for a common understanding between those countries which sincerely desire to retain for the world the benefits of peace, and that such an agreement is enough to cause the most formidable military Power to disavow its aggressive schemes. . . . . In the midst of our anxieties, we have been able to ascertain the existence of symptoms which appear to promise a more reassuring future, and their further development must favour the progress of ideas of equity and of conciliation in our international relations."

After this diplomatic action in Berlin in favour of the maintenance of peace, the English Government did not hesitate to declare in Parliament that peace had been imperilled. In reply to a speech made by Lord Russell in the House of Peers, on May 31st, 1879, Lord Derby did not deny that Europe had been in an anxious state for the last few weeks, and that there had been good reason for anxiety. He directly ascribed the

cause "to the language of persons of the highest position and authority." Lord Derby completely refuted the pretext derived from the armaments of France, and categorically affirmed her right to maintain an army which might not only ensure her security, but also maintain her position as one of the Great Powers.

Lord Derby informed the House that he had acted in concert with Russia in his pacific counsels to the Court of Berlin, before the departure of Alexander II. Without attempting to exaggerate the part taken by England in this peaceful intervention, he declared that the Queen's Government had performed a plain and unavoidable duty in the interests of peace and justice. These words were received with applause by all parties in the House.

Some days later, when the French Chargé d'Affaires assured Lord Derby of the deep and salutary impression produced by his speech, the latter replied: "I really believe that the English intervention contributed to the maintenance of peace, and also, whatever may be said to the contrary, that the danger was great. The Chancellor at Berlin wished for war, or wished people to believe that he did. Overtures had been made to Russia through Count Radowitz, and everything was prepared for the explosion. But Germany could attempt nothing without obtaining at any rate the promise that Russia would be neutral. The first object of your Government should be to secure the friendliness of the latter Power."

This observation not only showed that the Foreign Secretary justly estimated the policy imposed on France by the events of 1870, but also that he was actuated by sentiments of cordial and sincere interest in our country. It would be unjust to ignore, and ungrateful to forget, this fact. The Chargé d'Affaires replied with justice and propriety: "The result would be still more important if France were able to contribute to the union of England and Russia in the interests of the peace of Europe." This should have been, and ought still to be, the chief and

constant object of French diplomacy. If Germany were isolated, or only associated with Austria, it is, as Lord Derby has already observed, improbable that she would attempt anything without obtaining the promise that Russia would at any rate be neutral. But the situation would be changed if Germany and Austria were joined by that Power whose Prime Minister declared the other day from the tribune that: "In any reorganisation of Europe, his country had everything to gain and nothing to lose," thus reserving for it in modern Europe the part played by the condottieri in the sixteenth century. At this moment, therefore, anxious eyes were fixed on England. If she maintained the attitude she had assumed under the Ministry of the day, confidence and a feeling of security would revive. It is plain, from the very nature of things, that England is intended to play the same part with respect to Italy which Russia plays with respect to Germany, and that, if Italy were distinctly disavowed by England, she is too much of a maritime Power to attempt anything, even with the aid of other Continental Powers. In 1879, the British Government showed that it understood the necessity of maintaining what still remains of the Balance of Power in Europe. We are confident that, when the occasion offers, this conviction will triumph over prejudices and selfish interests.

The French Chargé d'Affaires finished his despatch of June 19th, 1879, by mentioning that at the moment when he left Lord Derby's room he met the German Ambassador coming in, who kept him at the door to express his friendly sentiments. The Ambassador congratulated him on the general pacification of feeling which had resulted from the last incident, and which, as he believed, had the great advantage of showing that no one wished for war. He added, by way of cordial advice: "Believe me, you should not listen too much to your military authorities, and press on your armaments unnecessarily." After dwelling on this theme, he wound up by saying: "Do not collect your troops on the frontier. You

need no frontier on the German side, since you know very well that we shall never attack you."

By these words the German Ambassador clearly indicated in advance the question which, subsequently, induced us to appeal afresh to the intervention of Russia. During this period the War Department in Germany never ceased to strengthen the defences of the western frontier, to establish cantonments, to reinforce the army with effective men, and to mass troops, so that they might be ready to cross the frontier and invade the French territory on the receipt of a telegram from Berlin.

The French troops, on the other hand, owing to the want of barracks in the frontier towns, had several stages to traverse before they could take up a defensive position, to oppose the invasion of their soil. Towards the end of the year 1886 our War Department thought it necessary to remedy this inferiority in some degree, by causing the towns near the frontier to set about the construction of wooden barracks in which to quarter the soldiers. These barracks, begun in 1886, and completed early in 1887, gave rise to a fresh outbreak of invectives from the other side of the Vosges. It was said that the real object of the German Government was to carry the vote of the Septennate. It is certain that at that moment we were, even less than at any other time, not in a state to excite any serious apprehension. By a coincidence which, if it did not display much foresight on the part of the War Department, sufficed to establish the absence of any thought of aggression, the Minister of War, in order to satisfy the economical demands of the Budget Commission, had agreed to the reduction of 18,000 men in the infantry. The companies of our frontier regiments contained, on an average, only from forty-nine to fifty men, while the embodied German regiments were in companies of 179 combatants, when on a peace footing, and were very soon placed on a war footing. Seventy-two thousand men in the reserve were suddenly called out, and it was announced that 25,000 more were to follow. All these manœuvres were, it appears,

made from the electoral point of view. In Germany, when a general election takes place, the neighbouring States have to pay the expenses of the official candidates. They are accused and threatened, and if the electors still hesitate, mobilisation takes place. In this way the game is won, the Government candidate triumphs, and the process may be indefinitely repeated; it does not become wearisome and is always crowned with success. But the neighbour does not willingly submit to it. Denounced as a disturber of the public peace, and the object of invective, he sees *corps d'armée* suddenly massed on the frontier. He finds it difficult to take an abstract view of this strategic manœuvre, and conceives apprehensions which are not unjustified. France was, therefore, once more uneasy, and Europe believed that war was again imminent. The Government of the Republic would have been strictly within its rights in mobilising in the Eastern departments a force equal to that which was watching the frontier. Relying on the justice of its cause, it resolved to give the world an undeniable proof of the iniquity of the accusations heaped up against it. It was resolved to have recourse to defensive measures only after exhausting the resources of diplomacy.

The diplomatic situation in Europe was very complex at that moment. Many questions were simultaneously involved. There was a risk lest the consideration of special interests should obscure the judgment of the different Powers, or even alienate their sympathies. We certainly could not hope for a dispassionate opinion, either in Vienna or in Rome. In London, Egyptian affairs had been used to our disadvantage, and in St. Petersburg the state of Bulgaria might serve to divert from us the sympathy of Russia.

Diplomatic relations between Paris and Russia had only just been re-established on a normal footing, and our new Ambassador had been unable to acquire the credit with Alexander III. which General Le Flô had obtained with his father. The relations between the two countries had, during

the intervening years, experienced a reaction due to the evolutions of internal policy. The good understanding of 1879, which was confirmed by the Turco-Russian War, and the disillusions of the Treaty of Berlin, had undergone some change. The repeated outrages of Nihilism had drawn the three Northern Courts more closely together. Their union appeared to Alexander II. to be the strongest bulwark against the universal revolution of which Paris was supposed to be the centre. Some apprehension had entered his mind with respect to France, although the loyal sentiments of his heart remained unshaken.

The terrible outrage which put an end to his father's life and reign involved the new Emperor for some years in the same policy. Soon, however, it became evident that his confidence was not given to that policy, and although, in the interests of peace, he submitted to maintain a passive attitude, in spite of provocations and ingratitude, he soon ceased to appear its dupe.

In this respect events were in our favour, but unfortunately our diplomatic action seemed anxious to thwart this tendency. Not content with awakening the susceptibilities of England by inconsequent and worthless rivalry, it acted in a manner which no one could have anticipated after the events of 1879. Our Ambassador was recalled from St. Petersburg, although his only fault was that, by his marriage with a Danish lady, he had secured with Alexander III. a position analogous to that occupied by General Le Flô with Alexander II., and at a time when there was no divergence of interests between France and Russia, when, on the contrary, everything invited these two peoples to become more closely allied, it was with difficulty that an end was put to a situation which seemed to presage a rupture, or at all events serious diplomatic complications; a situation in which the representatives of the two Governments are simply Chargés d'Affaires.

There was room for fear lest our voice should no longer receive the sympathetic attention of 1879. But on this occasion

Alexander III. showed that he had inherited his father's sentiments for France. He had shown, and this is the sign of a just and liberal mind, that however much Russia was interested in the Eastern Question, she did not lose sight of what was passing in the West; and the further weakening of France is not to be purchased by any territorial acquisitions.

We have been supported by the same definite aid which we received in 1879, and we have obtained the same satisfaction.

In these few pages I have, without reticence and without omission, given an account of the diplomatic relations between France and Russia since the war of 1870. I have unveiled the conspiracies supposed to have been hatched by these two Powers, which have been denounced by the English Press as disturbers of the peace of the world. I have even shown that England herself, for a moment, took part in the conspiracies. The reader must permit me to add that in the event of England again taking part in them, it will be, as before, much to her honour and profit. Less fortunate than the Power which, as its Minister declares, may count on the support of the English fleet in its triumphs by sea, and on Prince Bismarck's Pomeranian Grenadiers for its triumphs on land, France does not assert that she has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the reconstitution of Europe. She is aware of the full extent of the dangers with which she is threatened, but she knows also that the alliances which are contracted in the privacy of a Ministerial chamber are not always the most lasting, and that an understanding which is founded upon justice, and cemented by a community of interests between two peoples, is more valid and durable than a contract which relies on the domination of one, and the subjection of the other.

GUSTAVE FLOURENS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PART II.

IN turning from the poetry of Matthew Arnold to his prose it will be found to divide itself, speaking as before broadly, into three classes: literary, political, and theological. Under the head of literary papers are to be included some personal sketches, often most happy and discriminating, as those of Amiel, Joubert, the De Guerins, and Count Tolstoi; those in which scholarship in the widest sense is the leading subject, such as the preface to Merope, the paper on Pagan and Religious Sentiment, with its admirable remarks upon and translation from Theocritus, the papers on Milton, Gray, and Shelley; and those which may be called purely literary, as the volume on Celtic literature and on translating Homer. To criticise the literary criticism of Matthew Arnold is a task beyond the powers of most men, and will not be attempted in a paper which aims at no more than presenting some faint picture of the man himself and his intellectual surroundings, as displayed in his writings. It has been said that he overpraised the De Guerins, that he overrated Joubert, that he underrated Shelley, and so forth. No doubt he discussed a great variety of subjects: education, style, culture, academies; and criticised morally and intellectually a great many very different people. He was never conventional, and always said what he thought; not perhaps all he thought, but never anything he did not think. It follows that he constantly came across the fixed opinions, the cherished prejudices, of men who had little reason for them, but who were annoyed in

proportion to their inability to defend what they found assailed sometimes with wit and banter, sometimes with grave sense and weighty reasoning. It cannot be denied that he had the art, when he chose to use it, of making those whom he criticised look supremely ridiculous, and people put into such a position do not always see the fun of it so clearly as others. Nay, they are apt sometimes to get very angry, and to curse and swear (in a literary sense) so as to lay themselves open to fresh castigation from their amused tormentor. All the more if the punishment is bestowed with imperturbable good humour, with serene superiority, and with an air of innocence and wonder very funny but very exasperating. Doubtless he was like Horace, habitually urbane; but as Horace could drop his urbanity to Canidia, to Rex Rupilius, to Mœnas, to Cassius Severus, and to many others, so there must be many living men (and still more some dead ones) towards whom contempt and indignation, rarely roused in him, are expressed in language moderate indeed, but plain and direct to the very verge of good manners.

Still, when all has been said, there is not to be found in modern time such a body of literary criticism as that which Mr. Arnold has left us. In no other writer of our time is there to be found so much strong sense, keen insight, subtle yet lucid analysis, calm unimpassioned judgment, feeling for humour, for pathos, for noble poetry, and high imagination clothed in a style which needed only an occasional rise into the eloquence of passionate and ringing oratory to be quite perfect. The absence of this swing and fervour has been noted as a defect; perhaps it is so; perhaps its presence would have been inconsistent with the graceful quiet playful flow of his limpid sentences. Yet his quiet was not the quiet of weakness or indecision. When he condemns those passages in the life of Shelley and his friends which no one but an infatuated idolater can defend, or speaks of the coarse brutalities of Milton's polemics as any one who has read them (except Lord Macaulay) must in his heart admit that they deserve, he does so in stinging language, which leaves no doubt

as to his own stern disapprobation and unqualified dislike. Where all is excellent it is difficult to select, and of the literary papers of Mr. Arnold there is not one which should remain unread.

When we pass from his purely literary essays to those which are concerned with politics in the larger sense, the language of unqualified praise can hardly be employed. Possibly he was too much detached from the parties which divide the State, perhaps he had too keen a vision and too calm a judgment not to see the mistakes of parties, the exaggerations of debate, the absence of clear reasoning and accurate statement, and the presence of that unscrupulousness and unveracity which, according to the latest authority, are not only defensible but desirable in public affairs; and as he saw them they repelled him; while his sound judgment told him that the whole truth in any practical matter is rarely discerned by those who are committed to one view of it, and who contend as if to admit the soundness of any argument of their opponents were the same thing as to give up all their own. A person of Mr. Arnold's temper is by nature unfitted for present success in those political conflicts which, if in England they are mitigated by influences which did not exist in the Greece of Thucydides, are yet even here marked by some of those great evils which he sets forth in perhaps the grandest passage of his history, written, indeed, concerning his own countrymen, but "belonging in its great outlines to all ages and nations." A writer, of course, is not open to the same temptations as a speaker; a man of action has to consider things which a man of thought can disregard. Yet, after all, politics are action, and it is difficult, it is perhaps impossible, for a man, who knows practically nothing of the conditions under which public affairs are necessarily conducted in a free country, to be perfectly just in political judgment, or perfectly wise in political counsel. Mr. Arnold might say that he knew nothing, nor was concerned to know anything, about that great political workshop, the House of Commons, in which, out of

contending furnace blasts of political passion, and heavy blows of rival political hammers, measures of great practical significance, sometimes dealing with the most delicate and complicated subjects, are first molten, and then beaten into the shape they at last put on; and further that he was concerned with criticism not construction, and was contending for the principles on which statesmen should act, the time and mode of action being left to members of Parliament, and lying beyond or at any rate outside the province of the critic or the philosopher. True enough; yet, after all allowance has been made Mr. Arnold's political judgments and suggestions seem to many readers neither uncandid, nor uninstructed, nor hostile, to be not only unpractical, but inadequate, and to be wanting in that firm grasp and thorough knowledge of the whole subject which are striking characteristics of his literary criticism.

In those papers, too, which he devoted to Irish questions, though there are clever things said and sensible remedies proposed; though he is entirely free from religious bigotry, and writes with noble scorn of the dull and stupid prejudices on Irish subjects of the English governing classes; yet as he never lived in Ireland, never saw evictions of tenants from soil which they had reclaimed and houses they had built, by landlords who had contributed nothing to the making of the one or the building of the other, his utterances on land questions are, what his so seldom are, halting, indecisive, deficient in that complete knowledge without which all political writing is necessarily ineffective. He was greatly influenced by Burke, and published a volume of selections from Burke's writings on Irish subjects. Burke was a man of great genius, enormous knowledge, and splendid eloquence, too great to be illiberal, too impetuous to be cold; political injustice kindled his indignation, intellectual narrowness awoke his scorn; with the sufferings of Indians he sympathized; upon the base and cruel tyranny of the penal laws he let loose the floodgates of his eloquence. But there is too much reason

to believe that he profited personally by the penal laws which he so magnificently denounced: he had little of the popular fibre: for the wrongs and miseries of the lower classes as such he seems to have little care or pity. The English language is strained by him to the uttermost to express his tempestuous sorrow for the Queen, for the noblemen, for the priests of France, and his fierce wrath at those who hurled them low, or put them to death, or drove them into exile. But for the almost incredible sufferings of the people, oppressed, insulted, starved, denied, as Arthur Young might have taught him, the commonest rights of humanity, there is not from one end of the book on the French Revolution to the other so much as a passing sigh. Mr. Arnold was very differently constituted. By him "the armies of the homeless and unfed" were treated neither with silent apathy nor with cynical contempt. He spoke of them and felt towards them as a man of kindly and generous nature should speak and feel; and while he never denounced individuals for the faults of their system, yet he never concealed his dislike and disapproval of the system itself which has created our proletariat, for the continuance of which, with its inevitable results, our Government (using the word in its largest sense) must be held responsible. The well-known sonnet, "To a Republican Friend," which he never withdrew or altered, shows plainly enough on which side lay his serious sympathies. Nevertheless, the violence of language and the cruel and hateful deeds which, though very likely not caused by that language, yet accompanied and followed it in Ireland, offended and disgusted him, and in the opinion of many men his extreme abhorrence of the methods employed to redress wrong rendered him not indifferent to, but somewhat sceptical as to the wrongs they were employed to redress. Certainly, as to Ireland, if he preached right courses it was to the stubborn blind, and if he prophesied it was to ears that would not hear.

The same imperfection, to speak the truth, is to be found in what he said and wrote about America. All nations have

national faults, and the faults of the Americans meet the eye at once, and repel and annoy natures like Mr. Arnold's more than in right reason they ought. Some of his quotations from American newspapers are absurd and contemptible enough; some of their popular habits and customs bore an Englishman; the national swagger offends the taste; the national literature, *exceptis excipiendis*, does not perhaps reach the European standard; the worship of mere money is vulgar in both senses of the word. But who are we to throw stones at others for these things? They are undesirable as much in England as in America; and an American visitor can find them in England as easily as we find them in America. The French are constantly dwelling on the "*brutalité des journaux Anglais*"; and apart from this charge an American might make his countrymen merry with extracts judiciously culled from papers popular in drawing-rooms. Some of our habits, depend upon it, seem as senseless and tiresome to foreigners as the handshaking receptions do to us. Can anything be more absurd than evening parties and those who frequent them, so far as they do frequent them? Is the American swagger one wit more offensive than the cool insolence of the Briton? Mr. Lowell has told us with truth that the Americans have had other things to do in the first century of their national existence than to create a literature; and as for money worship, if there is or ever has been anything in America baser or more degrading than the worship of Mr. Hudson in his prosperity, and the insults to him in adversity by English society, from Archbishops downwards, the knowledge of it has not reached this country. Mr. Hudson is dead, but he has his successors, and his worshippers have theirs.

To the noble side of the American Republic Mr. Arnold surely did scant justice. The widespread and solid comfort, the manly independence, the frank cordial hospitality, the courtesy to women, the respect for law, the ease and vigour of government, the heroic spirit and unflinching courage of both sides in

the great war, the general intelligence, the hearty recognition except in the field of party politics of high character and unselfish aims, and the wonderful deference accorded to them ; the absence of all servile deference to rank and mere social assumption, manners charming, not perhaps from conventional polish, but from the far worthier qualities of simple and genuine kindliness ; above all the enormous power ranged on the side of peace, of freedom, and equality, these are things surely to outweigh a hundred times over such shortcomings as Mr. Arnold very truly noted, but the effect of which upon a great people and its influence in the world he strangely overrated. "There are spots, sir, in the sun," said Lord Kenyon to some acrid critic of Lord Erskine. Some such phrase may be properly addressed to the acrid critics of the Great Republic.

It may be said, if for a moment I may speak in the first person, that my judgment is partial. It may be so ; but at least I speak of what I have seen, and known, and felt. I wish, therefore, that Mr. Arnold could have lived to supplement his last paper on America, which I believe was true, but was far indeed from being the whole truth.

Yet with these deductions his political papers have great and lasting value. No man has touched with a keener instrument than his the weak places in our political and social fabric. It needs a genius like his own even to describe the weapons which he wielded. The immense *ennui* of the middle classes and their apparently incurable narrowness and self-satisfaction, the "Barbarians" of our aristocracy, Lord Lumpington, Mr. Bottles ; phrases, names, characters, all made to live and wake us up out of "the sleepy drench" of national complacency by the blended powers of keen insight, delicate humour, and strong practical good sense ; these things will not, at least ought not, for years to be forgotten, and they have left on the minds of many men who guide the nation, thoughts, impressions, which will not soon pass away. Upon politics, as upon other things, his writings are wonderfully suggestive. Take the volume which he called

Friendship's Garland. It is short, slight, playful; the tone of good-humoured banter is scarcely ever dropped; but for keen, penetrating, and yet just satire on our national faults and weaknesses, social, political, religious, intellectual, there is no book of recent time at all comparable to it. It is, perhaps, the ablest, it is certainly one of the most characteristic of Mr. Arnold's political writings. Some of the illustrations, always the case with satire, require now a word of explanatory comment; but the substance of the book is as excellent and as applicable now as when it was written, and it would be a pity if its occasional rather trenchant personalities should prevent its being reprinted.

In the last division of his prose works are included those papers on theological and religious subjects which produced most controversy when they appeared, caused most annoyance and even anger in many men, who on other matters were his admirers and disciples, and have drawn forth since his death the only notes out of harmony with that full chord of tender, melancholy, respectful regret which has been poured forth over his tomb. On these subjects few men can write what their readers differ from without creating irritation and offence. The subjects are too important, the interests too deep, the connection with the inner and the higher life too close, for men to accept what they dislike with even so much equanimity, and that is little enough, as they can extend to politics. Prejudices are not necessarily bad, but religion with almost every man is more or less a matter of prejudice. Few men think out or reason out their religion, and in proportion to the strength of the prejudice is the annoyance when it is assailed, or even when it is shown to be what it is. Instead of meeting the arguments, the usual course is to assail the arguer; and with official or paid defenders of a creed, the too common method is to assume a tone of moral superiority, often ludicrously inappropriate, to impute motive, to vilify character, and in defence of religion to violate the charity and good feeling which it is the first practical object of religion

to inculcate and maintain. In forming any judgment upon Mr. Arnold's writings on these subjects, it is therefore necessary to consider the time at which he wrote, and the persons whom he addressed.

Now what has been the state of religious opinion amongst persons of education and reflection since Mr. Arnold first began to write? The vast majority of men and almost all women in this age, as in every age, can hardly be said to think at all upon religion, or on any grave and serious subject. They believe what they have been taught, and hold what they hear asserted, with indolent or unintelligent acquiescence; either because they are too careless and indifferent to trouble themselves, or because they care so much, that it seems to them profane to question the soundness of that which is the life of their soul, the stay of the better part of their nature; and thus they make the importance of a truth the evidence upon which they accept it. "Whether that which is proposed to be made out be really made out or not, whether a matter be stated according to the real truth of the case, seems to the generality of people merely a circumstance of no consideration at all." "There are even of the few who read for their own entertainment and have a real curiosity to see what is said, several, which is prodigious, who have no curiosity to see what is true." "Thus people habituate themselves to let things pass through their minds, as one may say, rather than to think of them. Thus by use they become satisfied merely with seeing what is said, without going any further. Review and attention and even forming a judgment become fatigue; and to say anything before them that requires it is putting them quite out of their way." So says Bishop Butler in sentences which are true of all time, certainly as true of the present as of that of which he wrote them. Men accept Bishop Butler because the testimony in favour of his greatness, his fairness, his wisdom, is absolutely overwhelming; but they are much "put out of their way" if asked to follow his example, an example which in fact in practice they habitually disregard. The difficulties with

which the great Bishop dealt, the objections which he answered, are not those which surround us and which we hear of now; but most certainly if he were now alive he would not assume the points to be proved, he would not attempt to answer historical inquiry or critical investigation with a moral sniff, nor would he "hop with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments and perch upon assertion to call it conclusion." He has told us himself, "I express myself with caution, lest I should be mistaken to vilify Reason; which is indeed the only faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, even Revelation itself; or to be misunderstood to assert that a supposed Revelation cannot be proved false, from internal characters."

But it was to men uncritical, unhistorical, with no desire to discuss the questions raised by him fairly, or indeed at all, men who chose to regard inquiries as to the truth or falsehood of certain forms and practices of religion, and certain books about it, as an irreverent and almost blasphemous attack upon that which is the centre of religion itself, that Mr. Arnold addressed his theological writings. He proposed to examine closely the nature and claims of the popular Christianity which, as he thought, had obscured and supplanted the pure and simple religion of our Lord; and to test by reason and experience some of the popular beliefs, the popular creeds and doctrines, which claim popular assent on the ground of Divine authority. He saw plainly that it was difficult, if not impossible, to apply the Butlerian method to the forms of modern doubt; that science makes it more difficult every day to hold to forms of belief essentially unscientific. He saw in the adamantine, undeviating, relentless horrible cruelty of nature, not only towards vast masses of men and women, but to the blameless creatures of earth and sea and sky, an entire inconsistency with what we are told in the Bible of the Bible's God. He had read probably with the awe and dismay which it cannot but inspire, that tremendous passage in Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*, in which he paints the condition of the whole world to the observer of it,

as one which must fill him with unspeakable distress. The passage is so grand that at the risk of undue length it must be quoted.

> The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."
>
> To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution.
>
> What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence.

This is but a portion of the whole; and yet perhaps it does not go beyond the solemn words of St. Paul, hardly rendered in their full force even in the noble words of our old translation, "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." The great Apostle and the great living writer both for themselves solved the awful mystery in the same way and almost in the same words; but it is not to everyone that "faith's transcendant dower" has been vouchsafed in such abundant measure; and any fair man will probably not deny that the mode in which it is customary to present Religion now from the pulpit and the platform does not solve the mystery, does not recognise the facts, does not give rest or satisfaction to reverent and intelligent men not seeking doubts,

but whom doubts have reached, to whom inquiry seems a duty and proof a need, and who have accepted, not only as self-evident truth, but as a principle of conduct, the great saying that things are what they are and not other things; why, therefore, should we desire to be deceived? Surely the travesty of Christianity which surrounds us, the severance of doctrine from practice, of creed from conduct, the substitution even in precept of outward ceremony for softening of the temper and purifying of the heart, the divorce probably never before so complete between good works and definite belief, the reproduction with curious fidelity of the state of things in which it was "an agreed point amongst all people of discernment that Christianity is at length discovered to be fictitious"; the blindness of the clergy and of religious men to the fact that the edifice which is so fair and seems so strong is undermined in all directions; the awful consequences which would follow from an open revolt against religion which the bigotry of Churchmen is but too likely to bring about; thoughts of these things might well lead a man of lofty character and keen mind to try to point out to his contemporaries what was the Christian verity which in his judgment fable and superstition had joined together to conceal and piercing through, or tearing off, the human incrustations of so many centuries, to display once more the Divine kernel of unspeakably precious truth which lies hid beneath them.

This was certainly Mr. Arnold's desire and aim. It would be too much to say that he entirely succeeded. When one thinks of the gigantic strength of the forces, which with easy gallantry he assailed, the wonder rather is that he did so much. His method of warfare was his own, and it was in vain to suggest to him to try another. Probably he was right; his literary instinct told him where his strength lay; and he could not have put his whole power into any weapons but his own. He was a man himself of spotless life, of religious feeling, a constant student of our Bible; knowing as few men do know the Greek Testament, the Vulgate, the Imitatio, Bishop Wilson, and many

other such books; one at whose hands goodness and good men always had the highest and most appreciating honour. But he rejoiced in banter and pleasantry, and he thought, no doubt, that he could best expose what he regarded as the fables and absurdities of the popular religion by laughing at them. He did laugh at them; and hence arose against him a cry of irreverence, for which it is impossible to say that he gave no cause, but which in its intensity (ferocity would be hardly too strong a word) arose really from misunderstanding in some men, and from causes less creditable in others.

Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res,

stands last in a number of admirable Horatian precepts, more suited perhaps to literary than to religious controversy. "Truth's secretary," says Fuller, "must use a set hand in writing important points of Divinity. Ill dancing for nimble wits on the precipices of dangerous doctrines." The sense of this Mr. Arnold sometimes forgot; but to the truths which are the centre of Christianity, to the person and teaching of our Lord there was never in his language, there was never in his mind the faintest trace of irreverence. The time will come, if it has not come already, when it will be seen that his influence has been on the whole for good, and that there is in the minds of many men a profounder appreciation of the Hebrew Scriptures, a deeper and more reverent belief in our Lord than if he had never written.

It is easy for men behind the shield of anonymity to launch poisoned darts at Mr. Arnold, to accuse him of "levity," and "profanity," and to sneer at his "impertinences." The licence is the price we pay for the liberty of the Press. If their lives (and as they are anonymous and unknown this may be said without personality), if their lives are within a hundred degrees of the purity, the loftiness, the unvarying and wonderful nobility of Mr. Arnold's, at least their writings show a total unacquaintance with the principles of the religion of which they assume them-

selves to be the unsolicited defenders. If, again, there be men of thought and learning who can accept without hesitation the whole of Christianity as popularly taught (and many clever men maintain that the whole thing, from Genesis to the Revelation, stands or falls together), men to whom the Fall, the Flood, the life and still more the deathbed of "the man after God's own heart" ("God the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"), Elijah and Elisha, the curse and the blessing pronounced by the same authority on the same man for the same act; to whom these and a hundred more things like them create no difficulty, let them thank God with all their hearts that He has heard their prayers and blessed their lives. But let them not dare to judge or to condemn other men, as much in earnest as themselves; who seek after truth as simply and as purely; whom "honest doubt" assails not always quite without success; who do sincerely try to prove all things that they may hold fast that which is good; who desire to give a reason for their faith, but who find that reason very hard to give after the lapse of twenty centuries and since the changes wrought in the whole conception of Heaven and earth by science, which is as much a revelation from God as any other; men who pray for faith which is not granted them in full measure, for light which does not come unclouded, for certainty they cannot attain to. We must all, men of faith, and men of doubt, stand or fall at last by the earnestness and sincerity with which we have striven to see God's will and to do our duty.

Few souls ever passed away with more hope of acceptance, few lives more unstained have been led from childhood to old age, few men have ever gone into "that silent void where if there are no smiles there are no tears, and where if hearts do not beat they cannot be broken," leaving behind them such passionate regrets, such daily, hourly desire for communion which the grave forbids, for friendship which death has ended. Struck down in the very fulness of his powers, his brain

teeming with beautiful thoughts and noble conceptions, actually engaged to furnish works which would have enriched the language, widened our sympathies, and enlarged our knowledge, without a trace of age upon him, lighthearted as a boy, serious, faithful, and affectionate as a man of years, he passed from us in a moment, never to be forgotten by his friends, to be remembered for many a long year by all that is best and greatest amongst his countrymen. It is useless, it is impossible, to try to cast the balance. No verdict on such a man can be impartial pronounced by a friend, no friend would wish it to be. "If there be any place for the spirits of the just, if, as the wise declare, great souls are not extinguished with the body, then rest in peace; and lift up your friends and kinsfolk from weak regret and unmanly lamentation, to gaze upon your virtues, for which shedding of tears and beating of the breast are no fit mourning. Rather let us honour you by reverence, by present eulogy, nay, if our poor nature will supply the power, by making ourselves your copies. This is the real honour, this the religious duty of those who are bound to him by the closest ties. Let us always bear in mind all deeds, all words of his, let us always dwell upon and make our own the history and the picture not of his person but of his mind. Not because I would object to busts or statues of marble or of bronze, but inasmuch as men's faces and their portraits are but weak and fleeting things, while the image of the soul abides for ever, we can ourselves retain and reproduce the image of the life he led without the aid of any artist, his colours, or his carving. For all in him that we follow with wonder and with love remains and will remain for ever in the minds of men, through the endless flow of ages, as a portion of the past."

Some such words as these, (frail echoes indeed of his large utterance,) one of the greatest spoke of one of the noblest of the Romans. It may be permitted to use them here as suggesting the "enthusiasm which lies in the language of reserve"; and further to adapt to the occasion the well-known and lovely

lines which Mr. Arnold admired, and which veil while they express the feelings of his friends :—

> Unà speravi tecum, dilecte Favoni!
> Credulus heu longos, ut quondam, fallere Soles:
> Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
> Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
> Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!
>
> COLERIDGE.

TALK AND TALKERS OF TO-DAY.

WHEN the first instalment of this paper came to its rather abrupt conclusion, we were speaking of politicians who were also talkers. Among these a place must be assigned to Mr. Goschen. There are some men who habitually use the same style of speech in public and in private life. Happily for his friends, this is not the case with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nothing, we conceive, can be less agreeable than his public style, especially in what the critics would call "his later manner," whether on the platform or in the House of Commons. Its tawdry staginess, its "Sadler's Wells sarcasm," its constant striving after strong effects, are at once ludicrous and offensive. But in private life, Mr. Goschen is another and much more agreeable man. He is courteous, genial, and perfectly free from affectation; he has a keen sense of humour and is not ashamed to gratify it; and enters into the discussion of social banalities as eagerly and as brightly as if he had never converted the Three per Cents. into Two-and-a-Half, or expounded the Theory of the Foreign Exchanges. His agreeableness in conversation is perhaps a little marred by his tendency to excessive analysis, which will not suffer him to rest until he has resolved every subject and almost every phrase into its primary elements. But this philosophic temperament has its counterbalancing advantages in his singular openness of mind, his willingness to weigh and measure opposing views, and (except in one conspicuous instance) his inaccessibility to intellectual passion. The exigencies of his present position

have indeed disturbed this sage equanimity, so far as Ireland is concerned, and have driven him off the fence on which he sate serenely balanced, into the thorniest and most sterile of controversial fields. But, in matters where his Teutonic hatred of lawlessness is not involved, he can still observe political phenomena with the dispassionate eye of an astronomer or a microscopist engaged in the study of natural phenomena.

Himself a good talker, Mr. Goschen encourages good talk in other people, and in happy days of less stumping and more dining he used to gather round his table in Portland-place a group of intimate friends who found in '34 port the true well-spring of successful conversation. Among these were Lord Sherbrooke, of whom it may be safely said, that while few of his contemporaries have surpassed him in wealth of conversational resource, none have equalled him in dexterous repartee or apt quotation; and the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, whose "sunny face and voice of music, which lent melody to scorn and sometimes reached the depth of pathos," were gracefully commemorated by the author of *Endymion* in his portrait of Hortensius.

But this belongs to ancient history, and our business is with the conversation of to-day. Very distinctly of to-day is the conversation of Mr. Labouchere. Even our country cousins are aware that the member for Northampton is less an ornament of general society than the oracle of an initiated circle. The smoking-room of the House of Commons is his shrine, and there, poised in an American rocking-chair, and delicately toying with a cigarette, he unlocks the varied treasures of his well-stored memory, and enunciates the far-reaching principles of his mild philosophy. It is a chequered experience of life which has made Mr. Labouchere what he is. He has known men and cities; has probed in turn the mysteries of the caucus, the green-room, and the Stock Exchange; and has been a diplomatist, a financier, a journalist, and a politician. Under these circumstances it is, perhaps, not surprising that Mr.

Labouchere's faith—no doubt originally robust—in the purity of human nature and the uprightness of human motive, should have undergone some process of degeneration. Still it may be questioned whether, after all that he has seen and done, he is the absolute and all-round cynic that he affects to be. It is this air of simulated cynicism, this palpable endeavour to make out the worst of everyone, including himself, which gives a flavour of unreality to Mr. Labouchere's conversation. But, in spite of this defect, Mr. Labouchere is an engaging talker. He uses habitually the raciest and most incisive English, and speaks as neatly as he writes. His voice is pleasant, and his utterance deliberate and effective. He has the keenest possible eye for absurdities and incongruities; the shrewdest insight into affectation and bombast; and an admirable impatience of all the moral and intellectual qualities which constitute the bore. He is by no means disposed to be overawed by a great reputation, and is apt to analyse the personal and political qualities of Great and Good Men in the Liberal ranks with an agreeable frankness which would probably astonish those strenuous politicians who have already elected him by acclamation to the reversion of the Radical leadership. To take Mr. Labouchere seriously is to apply him to a use for which nature never designed him. But as a contributor to enjoyment, a promoter of fun, an unmasker of political or social humbug, he is unsurpassed; and, in the arid dulness of Parliamentary life, he has a function and a value which are all his own. His performances in debate are no concern of ours, for we are speaking of conversation only; but men of all parties will admit that he is the most agreeable companion that can be found for the last weary half-hour before the division-bell rings, or the period of languid reaction which follows a too impassioned peroration on the designs of eternal justice for the frustration of Mr. Balfour's policy.

All lovers of good conversation and good fellowship must deplore alike the cause and the consequences of Sir Robert

Peel's disappearance from London, and will join in the hope that a winter's sojourn in the South may restore him in renewed vigour to a society which is perceptibly the duller for his absence. Sir Robert's most salient feature as a talker is his lovely voice; deep, flexible, melodious, and pronounced by Mr. Gladstone—no mean judge of such matters—to be the finest organ he has ever heard in Parliament. With all submission, we may express our belief that it is a voice better adapted for the drawing-room than for the House of Commons. In a large space, a clearer tone and higher note tell better; but in the close quarters of social intercourse, one appreciates and enjoys the rich and sympathetic qualities of Sir Robert's utterance. And the voice, admirable in itself, is the vehicle of conversation which is worthy of it. Sir Robert can talk of art and sport and politics and books; he has a great memory, varied information, lively interest in the world and its doings, and a full-bodied humour which recalls the social tone of the last century. His vein of personal raillery (as illustrated by his onslaughts on Sir J. E. Boehm and Mr. Justice Chitty) is perhaps rather robust than refined; but, to quote his own words, it has an English ring, and much may be pardoned to a man who, in these portentously serious days, is wholly free from solemnity, and when he sees or hears what is ludicrous is not afraid to laugh at it. Sir Robert is an excellent hand at what our fathers called banter, and we call chaff. A prig or a pedant is his favourite butt; and the performance is rendered all the more effective by his elaborate assumption of the *grand seigneur's* manner. The victim is dimly conscious that he is being laughed at, but comically uncertain about the best means of reprisal. Sydney Smith described Sir James Mackintosh as "abating and dissolving pompous gentlemen with the most successful ridicule." Whoever performs that process is a benefactor to society, and no one is more expert at it than Sir Robert Peel.

Lord Acton touches life at many points. He is a politician, a theologian, a man of letters, and a member of society, and

his conversation derives a separate tinge from each of these various and sometimes conflicting environments. When, at intervals all too long, he quits his retirement at Cannes or Tegern-See, and flits mysteriously across the social scene, his appearance is hailed with devout rejoicing by those who revere his manifold learning, admire his courtly manner, and appreciate the delicate and sarcastic humour which he keeps only too carefully under control. Perhaps the distinguishing feature of his conversation is an air of sphinx-like mystery, which suggests that he knows a great deal more than he is willing to impart. Partly by what he says, and even more by what he leaves unsaid, his hearers are made to feel that, if he has not acted conspicuous parts, he has been behind the scenes of many and very different stages. He has had relations, neither few nor unimportant, with the Pope and Dr. Döllinger; with Oxford and Lambeth; with the cultivated Whiggery of the great English families; with the philosophic Socialism of Germany; and with those Nationalist and Radical movements which in these last days have drawn Mr. Gladstone into their vortex. Lord Acton has long lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the Liberal leader, but he is thoroughly eclectic in his friendships, and when he is in London he flits from Mrs. Gladstone's tea-table to Mr. Goschen's bureau, analyses at the Athenæum what he has learned at Brooks's, and by dinner-time is able, if only he is willing, to tell you what the Unionist intends and what the Home Ruler; who will be the next Bishop, and how many mistakes the last historical novel contains; the name of Lord Lytton's successor at Paris, and the period at which Robert Elsmere's method of criticism lapsed finally out of date.

It is a pity that the Judges live so entirely in their own narrow and rather technical circle, that their social abilities are lost to the world; for several of them are men well fitted by their talents and accomplishments to take a leading part in society. Lord Coleridge is pre-eminently a case in point. In

many of the qualities which make an agreeable talker, he is unsurpassed. Everyone knows his silvery voice, and that perfect elocution which prompted a competent judge of such matters to say, "I should enjoy listening to Coleridge even if he only read out a page of *Bradshaw*." To these gifts must be added an immense store of varied knowledge; a genuine enthusiasm for whatever is beautiful in literature or art; a great copiousness of appropriate anecdote, and a natural power of exact, yet not offensive, mimicry.

It is always pleasant to see a man in high station, who yet in the intercourse of society, is perfectly untrammelled by pomp and form, can make a joke and enjoy it, and is not too cautious to garnish his conversation with personalities, or to season it with sarcasm. Joking is, perhaps, out of place on the judgment-seat, and the Royal Bench of British Themis is hardly the quarter from which the shafts of satire can be most suitably levelled at the reasoning powers of a Bishop or the architectural vagaries of a Dean and Chapter. But at a dinner-table this caustic strain is delightful, and it derives a double zest from the exquisite precision and finish of the English in which the gibes are conveyed.

Another judge, whose conversation is really admirable, is Sir Charles Bowen. Those who know him intimately say that he is the best talker in London. In spite of the immense burden of learning which he carries, and his marvellous rapidity and grasp of mind, his social demeanour is quiet and unobtrusive almost to the point of affectation; his manner is singularly suave and winning, and his smile as childlike and bland as that of the oft-quoted Chinaman who played, but did not understand, the game of Euchre. This singular gentleness of speech gives a double piquancy to his keen and delicate satire, his readiness in repartee, and his fertility in anecdote. No one ever meets Sir Charles Bowen without wishing to meet him again, and those who lament the depressing dulness of ordinary society must regret that conversational gifts so brilliant and so rare

should be buried in judicial dining-rooms, or squandered on the dismal orgies of the Cosmopolitan Club.

The society of London offers no more striking or interesting figure than that of Mr. Robert Browning. It may safely be alleged that no one meeting him for the first time, and unfurnished with a clue, would guess his vocation. He might be a diplomatist, a statesman, a discoverer, or a man of science. But, whatever were his calling, we should feel that it must be essentially practical. Of the disordered appearance, the unconventional demeanour, the rapt and mystic air, which we assume to be characteristic of the poet, he has absolutely none. And his conversation corresponds to his appearance. It abounds in vigour, in fire, in vivacity. It is always genuinely interesting, and often strikingly eloquent. Yet all the time it is entirely free from mystery, vagueness, or technical jargon. It is the crisp, emphatic, and powerful discourse of a man of the world, who is incomparably better informed than the mass of his congeners. Mr. Browning is the readiest, the blithest, and the most forcible of talkers. Like the Monsignore in *Lothair*, he can "sparkle with anecdote, and blaze with repartee," and when he deals in criticism the edge of his sword is mercilessly whetted against pretension and vanity. The inflection of the voice, the flash of the eye, the pose of the head, the action of the hand, all lend their special emphasis to the condemnation. "I like religion to be treated seriously," he exclaimed, with reference to a recent novel of great renown, "and I don't want to know what this curate or that curate thought about it. *No, I don't.*" Surely the secret thoughts of many hearts found utterance in that emphatic cry. When an unduly fervent admirer had button-holed him throughout a long evening, plying him with questions about what he meant by this line, or whom he intended by that character, there was exquisite grace as well as just rebuke in the stress on the words, "But *I* am monopolizing *you*," with which the master at last extricated himself from the grasp of the disciple.

It is when Mr. Browning consents to appear in his true character, and delights his hearers by speaking of his art, that the higher and rarer qualities of his mind come into play. He kindles with responsive fire at a beautiful thought, and burns with contagious enthusiasm over a memorable phrase. Yet all the while the poetic rapture is underlain by a groundwork of the robustest sense. Rant and gush and affectation he abhors, and in his highest flights of fancy he is always intelligible.

Thanks to his sharp and persistent attacks of Anglo-mania, now become practically chronic, Mr. Lowell may fairly be reckoned among the talkers of London. His trim sentences, his fund of anecdote, his airy omniscience, his minute and circumstantial way of laying down the law, are familiar enough to diners-out in literary and political circles, and the frequenters of cultured tea-tables. Some years ago the present writer, then not acquainted with Mr. Lowell, chanced to meet him in a company of tourists at Durham Castle. Nothing could surpass the air of easy mastery, the calm and almost fatherly patronage, with which the distinguished American overrode the indignant show-woman, pointed out, for the general benefit of the admiring visitors, the gaps and lapses in her artistic architectural, and archæolgical knowledge; and made mullion, and portcullis, and tapestry, and armour, the pegs for a series of neat discourses on mediæval history, domestic decoration, and the science of fortification. Which things are an allegory. We, as a nation, take this calm assurance at its own valuation. We consent to be told that we do not know our own poets, cannot pronounce our own language, and have no well-educated women. But after a time the process palls; we question the divine right of the superiority thus imposed on us; we ask on what foundation these high claims rest, and we discover, all at once, that we have paid a great deal of deference where very little was deserved. By processes such as these, we shall soon ascertain that Mr. Lowell, though an accomplished politician, a brilliant writer, and an admirable

after-dinner speaker, is, conversationally considered, an inaccurate man with an accurate manner. Like Mrs. Wititterly, he "forms and expresses an immense variety of opinions on an immense variety of subjects," but his judgments are not always formed on an exhaustive knowledge of the facts in dispute, and are liable to be reversed on appeal to competent tribunals. But, after all, inaccuracy is not the worst of conversational faults, and when he is in the vein, Mr. Lowell can be exceedingly good company. He likes talking, and talks, not only much, but very well, has a genuine vein of wit, great neatness and dexterity in phrase-making, and though keenly alive to all the personal trivialities and ins-and-outs which form so large a part of our social themes, he can, on due occasion, produce from the rich stores of his own experience many of the most striking and vivid incidents, both civil and military, of that tremendous struggle for human freedom in which he bore so memorable a part.

If there ever was a man who talked like a book—and one of his own books too—that man is Mr. Henry James. With grave aspect and in a darkling undertone, he pronounces his solemn gnomes and mysterious epigrams, or propounds those social and psychical conundrums which supply his devout admirers the largest part of their intellectual exercise. But, as Sir George Trevelyan judiciously observes—

> "The gravest of us now and then unbends,
> And likes his glass of claret and his friends."

And when this softening change has passed over Mr. James he becomes a delightful companion. He has the desirable qualities of fine appreciation and genuine sympathy; he observes closely and remarks justly; talks, not much indeed, but always with tact and discrimination; is always ready to please and be pleased; and, without being in the slightest degree a flatterer or a parasite, enjoys the happy knack of putting those to whom he speaks in good conceit with themselves.

A description of the talk and talkers of to-day would be glaringly incomplete without some reference to Sir Frederick Leighton, for is he not the arch-talker of London? He is the master—or the slave—of many languages, including one which he has himself discovered and which is understood to be derived from English. It is in this mystic tongue that he is wont to pour, from the chair of the Royal Academy, that "jewelly cataract of words" which De Quincey seems to have described by prophetic anticipation. That portion of the metaphor which is derived from gems is perhaps too complimentary. An image from the grocer's shop is more appropriate. Smooth, unctuous, flowing, unbroken, sickly sweet the eloquence of Sir Frederick Leighton has all the characteristics of the best Molasses. It is of precisely the same quality in the intercourse of society as at the banquet of the Academy. And the social unit who incautiously impedes its course, or seeks too curiously to test its quality, is apt to share the fate of the swamped and intoxicated bluebottle. A little girl at Oxford once exclaimed in admiration of a preacher at St. Mary's: "Oh, mamma, what a lot of adjectives he knows." If she ever has the pleasure of meeting Sir Frederick at dinner, she will see cause to modify her earlier enthusiasm, and will learn that the President of the Royal Academy can speak as sweetly as he paints.

The subject expands before us, and this paper might be indefinitely prolonged. But enough has, we hope, been written to confute the foolish saws and ancient instances of those who maintain that conversation is a lost art, and to secure a not wholly unfavourable judgment for the Talk and Talkers of To-day.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

I.

THE accession of William II. to the leadership of the German Empire, little more than a year ago, was the signal for an outburst of party passion that did not confine itself to the Fatherland. The English Press welcomed the event with ominous growls; and it was not long before every paper in North America, not to speak of Australia, was enlisted in the circulation of paragraphs illustrative of the new Kaiser's thirst for war and lack of filial piety.

The German Press, at least that portion of it which stands in close relations to throne and altar—and the Chancellor—poured forth day after day the stereotyped form of praise supposed to be adapted to the ears of a new sovereign, but with so little discrimination that no one could have relished it less than the man they pretended to honour. Liberty of speech and Press being in Berlin imaginative conceptions, it was the hard task of the new Emperor to seize the reins of government without having had the opportunity so richly enjoyed by his illustrious father, of creating for himself a strong and warm body of political and personal supporters. The great historic figure of his grandfather had passed away but ninety-nine days before that of Frederick III. His elevation came at a time when all the world was contemplating the two great sovereigns of the century, the heroes of Sadowa and Wörth, the builders of United Germany. Before such men all popular

feeling bowed cheerfully, as under a debt of gratitude from which death alone could liberate them. The present Emperor, who was but twelve years old when Sedan fell, has a new empire to create for himself, and even Germans ask themselves —will he succeed?

In force of character and intellectual power the present Emperor surpasses any of his predecessors, certainly up to the time of the Great Frederick. There are but few who know him well, but amongst those this sweeping statement will be recognised as within the truth, and moreover one that might have been made of him from his schoolboy years up. He thinks for himself, thinks logically, and, like many logical people on the threshold of life, follows a logical conclusion to a point that might alarm a practical politician. His education for the ten years prior to attending the University in 1877 was entrusted principally to one of the most conscientious, most exacting, and, at the same time, most winning of academic spirits, the learned Dr. Hinzpeter.

In the topmost storey of Frederick the Great's "New Palace," near Potsdam, in what we may vulgarly term the attic, were the quarters occupied by the preceptors of the then Prince William, and his brother the sailor, Prince Henry. To one accustomed to the luxury of American and English houses, the bareness, not to say bleakness, of the upper storey of this famous palace was striking, particularly so in contrast to the innumerable gorgeous flunkeys who guarded the state saloons below. But it was ample in space and a foretaste of the barrack life that should seem comfort to a Hohenzollern. In wet weather the great attic made a capital play-ground, and many an Imperial pane of glass was smashed by the blundering aim of one of the youngsters. In such romps the Princes entered heart and soul, giving and taking like the manly little fellows that they were. The good Dr. Hinzpeter would repeatedly whisper to me to take care and not hurt the

Prince's left arm, a warning I was apt to forget, particularly with one who was so clever with his right.

As to the Emperor's imperfect arm, it is extraordinary that the life which has largely left it should have apparently been utilised in the strengthening of his right. Anyone who has shaken it feels as though Goetz von Berlichingen had given him the grip. As a fencer, it was to be expected that he should develop the proficiency that characterised him at Bonn, but it was little thought that he would have the patience and energy requisite to becoming an expert shot, a good swimmer, and a capital oar. In the saddle he manages to hold his reins with his left, in order to have his sword arm free, and I have many times seen him ride across country taking obstacles which some of his officers have refused. And the moral courage, the persistency, the sense of duty, the pluck, which overcame the impediments to physical development, were constantly at work in other parts of his education.

In the park of Sans Souci, near the Palace, were planted the masts and rigging of a ship, where Prince Henry received practical instruction in sailoring, and which became a favourite romping place. Netting was stretched over the lower space, and we were occasionally turned loose to scramble about the rigging, some of us playing at pirates making chase after a crew that had taken refuge aloft. Or, what was better still, we sometimes took a cruise about the neighbouring lakes on the miniature frigate, a craft that looks very portentous at a distance, with its scowling ports and man-o'-war yards, but in reality, when on board, seems little larger than a good-sized ship's cutter.* The cruise on the frigate was always considered

* This little frigate was a present from George IV. to the Emperor's grandfather or grand-uncle, Frederick William IV., and is to-day the favourite yacht. At Potsdam the Emperor keeps also a little steam yacht, whose most important function now is to be ready to tow the frigate home should the wind fail. A detachment of blue-jackets is on duty at Potsdam for the purpose of looking after the Lilliputian frigate and its auxiliary tender.

the greatest treat of all, and no doubt to the pleasure derived then is due the fact that the Emperor to-day is a devoted patron of yachting, and sails his toy frigate on the Havel whenever opportunity offers.

When the day's romp was over, we had tea before going home, always out-of-doors in fair weather. The late Emperor Frederick and his devoted wife never failed to appear on these occasions, to say a few words to each of us, asking after our families, or about the sports of the day. The Empress in particular, then Crown Princess, always examined our food to see that it was wholesome, and saw that her little sons and daughters, as well as their guests, had their napkins properly tucked beneath their chins. The food was, it is needless to say, of the plainest and most wholesome. Bread or toast, fresh milk from the Crown Prince's model farm at Bornstedt, and some simple bread-cake, with big raisins in it, perhaps. When the Crown Princess and her husband made their appearance, no face lighted up with more pleasure than that of Prince William, for the relation of parent and child could not be conceived in more happy form than in those days in the park of Sans Souci. I remember once—it was at tea on the steam yacht, some anniversary, I believe—Prince William whispered to me a fact in which he took enormous pride, that the cake had been made by his mother.

Of course, at these romps, the idea of expecting etiquette to be observed would have been absurd; Dr. Hinzpeter would have none of it, the Royal parents held it in horror, and no one despised servility more than their eldest son.

Occasionally there came into these hilarious play-ground meetings some youngster, no doubt the son of a highly-placed official, who had been carefully drilled at home to show proper deference in the presence of the blood Royal. Such a poor wretch lived in momentary dread of violating some imaginary rule, and moved about morbidly conscious of his courtly *rôle*. Prince William, celebrated as he justly is for tact, could with

difficulty conceal his contempt for the little flunkeys that now and then were forced upon him.

Not that he ridiculed their shyness; on the contrary, it was he who invariably set his new arrivals at their ease, discovered their leading tastes and suggested the sport that would please the larger number. And when sport was once under way it would have been a keen observer indeed who could have said that either Prince relied upon anything beyond his own head and hands to make the day successful. It was my fortune, as an American, to be credited with an intimate acquaintance with the red savages of the Wild West, and this reputation I could in no way shake off, in spite of the fact that at that time I had not even seen one. In consequence of this alleged knowledge I was frequently called upon to give details as to Indian warfare which I should deeply regret to see reproduced. Prince William knew Cooper from beginning to end, and, for that matter, I was not far behind him, so that our Indian studies usually resolved themselves into impersonating some leather-stocking heroes, arming ourselves as fantastically as possible, and then crawling flat on our stomachs through the underbush, for the purpose of capturing some other party impersonating either a hostile tribe or a party of palefaces.

But I have said enough to illustrate his character as a plucky, hearty, unaffected lad, affectionate towards his parents, and full of consideration for the youngsters of his own age with whom he was brought into contact. In 1874, Prince William and his brother went to a common public school, with uncommonly hard benches, amidst a lot of the odds and ends of German social life invariably to be found in the national "Gymnasium." Let no one imagine this to be like attending Eton, where the expensive life limits the pupils to sons of comparatively rich people, and where an English prince can pass his time in luxury and comparative idleness. The schools of Germany are as inexorable in their requirements as any other branch of its public service, and when Prince William

took his seat amidst the German burghers' children at the public school it was with the understanding that he should submit to the same discipline as the rest, and receive his graduating diploma only upon the conscientious fulfilment of the prescribed course.

Dr. Hinzpeter selected his school after having visited the head masters of many others, and found most of them completely unnerved at the idea of having a live prince amongst them. Cassel is about eight hours by rail from Berlin, a distance that meant a great deal to the Princes and their parents. The Court was incensed at the idea of the heir to the throne consorting with ordinary boys; Dr. Hinzpeter was accused of introducing revolutionary ideas into the educational curriculum of the Hohenzollerns; the old Emperor William did not disguise his displeasure, and even the parents gave little more encouragement than their bare consent that the experiment should be tried. It was a bold game that Dr. Hinzpeter was playing; no Royal prince had ever been educated in a popular atmosphere, and nobody at Court wished him well in the undertaking. His reputation was at stake, for while in the event of failure every voice would cry out, "I told you so," even successfully carried out there would be little to show for his labour. The tutor held that for once in a lifetime, at least, a prince should feel what his subjects do; that he should share the schoolboy interests of the every-day German and absorb the set of ideas that may enable him to strike the popular keynote when he sits upon the throne. For three years Prince William sat on the Cassel benches, *i.e.*, until he successfully passed his final examination and was declared ripe for matriculation at the University.

These three years were years of torture to the tutor. He lived with them, but could not actively assist their studies, for that would have been unfair to the other boys. Teachers would rush to him in desperation to report this and that of their Royal pupil—what should they do? They dared not reprimand the

Lord's anointed! Hinzpeter had to strengthen them, to encourage the Prince to more complete application. Those were days of tension when any moment might destroy for ever the result hoped for. The Princes went to school and returned unattended. What if something happened to them on the way?—a schoolboy quarrel, a blow, an injury—even so small a thing as that would have called the boys back to Berlin. What if a teacher had lost his head and a prince have raised rebellion in the schoolroom? None of these things happened, but nothing seemed more likely to those who did not understand the precocious nature of Prince William's character and the devotion with which he pursued that which he considered his duty. And what this amounted to may be measured by the fact that before entering upon his three years' school course he had to pass an examination far beyond that required for admission to Oxford or Cambridge, and that parallel to his daily tasks on the "Gymnasium" benches were a series of special labours peculiar to the education of one soon destined to play a conspicuous part at a military Court—possibly to be its leader.

The career of the Prince upon leaving Cassel in 1877 offers less of the exceptional and striking than when Dr. Hinzpeter guided his work, for upon entering the University he put off the habits of youth, said good-bye to his old tutor, and at once entered a field where all that met him were of a kind to force upon him the feeling that he was first a prince and lastly a student. For in Germany the avenue to most public employment and nearly all professional advancement lies through the University, and consequently no class of people have a more sensitive nose for the Royal aroma than the gentlemen who boast loyalty only to the Muses. In Bonn he had the attendance of a military aide, with whom he was on excellent terms, and who did probably but little to heighten the Prince's interest in the purely peaceful phases of national development. We may reasonably suppose that the enormous military energy which

the Emperor developed shortly after leaving the academic groves partook somewhat of the nature of reaction from the constant contemplation of economic industry, a reaction that might be expected from one whose whole framework tingles with exhilaration in the idea of active, daring sport.

The years that elapsed between leaving Bonn and entering upon the responsibilities of government, afforded him the opportunity of attending a series of lectures on modern history and the art of government such as falls to the lot of few of us, for the professors to whom he listened were William I., who had helped to make modern history since the Battle of Waterloo, and Bismarck, the prince of modern statecraft.

The venerable grandfather reviewed his historic past before the eager boy who was soon to be his successor. Day after day the lectures succeeded one another, lectures of absorbing interest to the solitary student—and well noted down. Here he learned what motives had inspired the elder William in the various critical moments of modern Prussian history; how in his youth he had been flushed with hope of constitutional liberty for Germany; how these hopes had been wrecked upon the incapacity of the people to control themselves; in the stormy days of 1848 he had bowed before all but universal hatred and taken refuge in London; the same people that would have stoned him then made an idol of the hero of Sadowa in 1866. In all the phases of popular passion through which he had passed, one truth had been amply vindicated, namely, that fidelity to Hohenzollern tradition, uncompromising devotion to duty, these attributes of Royalty, could not lead astray. That young William found in this lecture-room little sympathy for the teachings of Cobden or Benjamin Franklin may be readily imagined—the monarch who had ruled four years without Parliament, when Parliament disobeyed his wishes, was not exactly suited to inoculate the young Imperial candidate with the principles of civil liberty, let alone free-trade, and small armies.

To secure the services of Professor Bismarck was not easy, for the Iron Chancellor felt himself far too busy in adjusting the foreign relations of Europe, and discovering Colonial land titles, to willingly enter the academic cathedra in favour of a prince who then had little prospect of ascending the throne of the Holy Roman Empire—at least until the lecturer should have lain many years in his vault. But the grandfather finally had his way, and day after day found these two closeted like little Lord Fauntleroy and the savage Earl, the Chancellor rapidly melting before the manifest capacity of the pupil to appreciate his epigrammatic sentences, and finally coming to relish the hour of instruction more, if possible, than his Royal student. Here, again, our young Emperor learned at first-hand how to deal with obstinate Parliamentary segments, we cannot call them parties; how to measure public opinion; how to influence foreign Cabinets; how this and that difficulty in the past were overcome, and what troubles may be looked for in the future. It is not to be expected that the Emperor graduated in this course with any latent disposition to under-estimate the value of bayonets in the economic evolution of the Empire.

That the peaceful teachings of the scholarly Dr. Hinzpeter have been lost is too much to say, for the public utterances of the Emperor show that he remembers well the days spent in the contemplation of industrial institutions and museums. As a Hohenzollern Emperor, however, he recognises completely that his Empire to-day amounts to no more than a roll of parchment unless he is prepared to fight any two enemies who may unite against him. Germany has fought her way up through bloody battles; and can only hope to maintain her present position by readiness to accept any challenge from the nations that snarl about her. Even members of her own household have been in the field against Prussia, and the task of reconciling domestic political differences is scarcely less than that of preparing to meet a national war. Is it strange, then, that the ruler of Germany should look for support not to the popular representa-

tives, who to him represent discord, but to the army, the navy, the many State officials, the Conservative nobles—all that appears to promise loyal devotion to the person and projects of the Sovereign?

The Emperor holds the future of Europe in his right hand—and how many are trying to peep through those strong fingers! He is the head of the largest, the strongest, and the most intelligently guided army in the world, and is himself one of the most highly instructed in that army. His mind is original, receiving ideas from every quarter, allowing them to modify his views, but never to displace them. Many of the harsh opinions passed upon him shortly before ascending the throne would have been sensibly tempered had their authors known how completely did his political sense of duty to Germany dominate every personal consideration.

When he ascended the throne, in June of last year, the opposition party, who represent particularly constitutional liberty and free-trade, were making much of the fact that the late Emperor Frederick, in the ninety-nine days allowed him, had shown a disposition to rule in harmony with their doctrines. As evidence of this, they referred to the fact that he had dismissed the late Home Secretary Puttkammer, because he was displeased that a Minister of the Crown should permit public servants to influence the popular vote in favour of the Government. The young Emperor's conception of leadership excludes a favourable view of government by the people, and no clearer duty seems before him than to give unmistakable rebukes to such as sought to confuse Parliamentary government with the alleged utterances of a Hohenzollern Sovereign. That the Empress Victoria was suspected of having to some extent indoctrinated her Imperial husband with English constitutional ideas by no means assisted in making them palatable to Conservatives, for to make a thing odious in Germany to-day you need only suspect it of either Jewish or British extraction.

Rightly or wrongly, however, German Liberals claimed that for ninety-nine days at least an Emperor had reigned who was not conspicuously opposed to popular movement—who was even suspected of leaning towards the John Bright school of political thought; and this alone served to render doubly delicate the task of the new Emperor, who knew little in favour of such doctrines—on the contrary, is firmly convinced that Germany is not the soil suited to their development.

What the policy of his reign is to be all can conjecture—no one assert. His accession to the throne was marked by the publication of manifestoes, first to his army, secondly to his navy, lastly to his people, leaving no doubt that in Germany, at least, the army should be recognised as the basis of the State's prosperity. About the middle of July he commenced a series of memorable visits to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, the results of which remain unknown to the public, though there can be no doubt that if personal influence can ever affect the action of sovereigns we must attribute the postponement of war almost entirely to his magnetic personal powers exerted in this crisis.

Hardly a word has been uttered by him so far, or an act committed by the Government, that has not raised a storm of criticism in the Press, of such a nature as would have been undreamed of under his grandfather, and yet he is logically pursuing the example of the victorious William. Can we suppose that this has no connection with the fact that ardent Liberals advertise their loyalty by wearing coins stamped with the features of Frederick the Noble?

The trifles that passed unnoticed when said or done by the venerable grandfather, to-day divide the people because a younger Emperor is on the throne. Time may cure this malady, and we can therefore afford to rapidly glance at some of these trifles.

The English physician who attended the late Emperor received favours in England; the German physician who was

dismissed received a decoration at the hands of the present Emperor.

The great Moltke retired shortly after the Emperor's accession, and much bad blood was roused because his successor's name is linked with the famous meeting at which it was sought to drag the Emperor, then Prince, into the Anti-Semitic League. In spite of the fact that William II. promptly repudiated any sympathy with such organisations, the papers did not drop the matter for many a long week.

The great pathologist, Virchow, was for the second time rejected as Rector of the Berlin University—a fact which gave occasion to the reflection that academic distinction could not be conferred upon the greatest living scientist, unless he was *personâ grata* with the Government.

In the late summer of 1888 a report went the rounds of the Liberal Press that the Emperor had addressed a gathering of the aristocracy in language that betokened a higher regard for them than the rest of his people. The alleged words read: "I need the support of the noblest of them—my nobility—and these I see well represented about me in the Order of St. John." Such language is impossible to conceive of at this day and in the mouth of the German Emperor, and the words were promptly repudiated by the official Press. But the poison had already taken effect.

In September the *Deutsche Rundschau*, the leading literary review of Germany, was seized by the police because it published a section of the late Emperor's diary. Professor Geffcken, a man of wide reputation as an author on political history and philosophy, declared himself to be the guilty party, and was kept more than three months under arrest. The Government failed to prove him guilty; and this failure was not an event to be lightly passed over by the critics of the great Chancellor.

In the autumn occurred the Emperor's memorable visits to Austria and Italy, sources of unmixed good to the peace of Europe; and about the same time the seizure by the police

of the pamphlet issued by the late Emperor's English physician, reflecting upon the professional capacity of his whilom German colleagues. But as the German physicians' report had been practically boycotted in London, the action of the German police cannot be looked upon as more than questionable retaliation. At any rate, political capital was made of it.

On his return from Austria and Italy, the City Government of Berlin, of Liberal political complexion be it said, waited upon the Emperor with a view to presenting a memorial fountain; and the occasion was seized by his Majesty to give them a sharp lecture with reference to the way in which the Press of the capital had seen fit to discuss him in his absence. The City Fathers and all of a similar political sympathy felt a trifle nettled over the affair, seeing that the Government of Berlin have as little to do with controlling the Press of that city as of editing the Blue-books of London.

The opening of the first Reichstag in his reign, in November, afforded little to change the political outlook. Socialism showed no signs of disappearing, even before the stern legislation of the Chancellor; and the people were called upon to vote still more money for the national defences. The year 1888 closed upon the first six months of his reign, months in which he had logically and conscientiously trodden in the footsteps of his illustrious grandfather, and exhibited conspicuously his intention of abiding by his allies, Austria and Italy.

That he feels little patience for the opposition in the Press or on the platform is natural; to him a man is either for the Government or against it—loyal or disloyal. Socialists in his eyes are enemies of the Empire, and he does not hesitate to say so in spite of the fact that the Socialist vote was 750,000 at the last election. When he visited Breslau, last autumn, he publicly gave expression to his satisfaction that a Liberal candidate had been defeated at their last election. He has given offence to many political sections, but on the whole it would be hard to discover where his acts or words could be traced to mere

caprice. His harshest critics must recognise that his behaviour is in perfect harmony with his conception of sovereign duty.

As a leader of armies, and we can now say of navies as well, the Emperor cannot be judged except by such straws as sometimes tell us the direction of the wind. Last autumn he commanded about 50,000 men at his first grand manœuvres, and it was my good fortune to have been in the way of seeing something of them. He commanded, not by occupying a conspicuous eminence and nodding assent to the suggestions of venerable subordinates, as I have seen done elsewhere; on the contrary, he was obviously the master of the situation, carrying out a plan previously matured by himself, and ordering such modifications during the day as his quick perception and logical will suggested. Every day during this critical week, from sunrise until late in the afternoon, one conspicuous figure was always found hard at work and that the Emperor, earning his soldier's pay as hardly as the poorest of his Brandenburgers. Early one morning, on his way from headquarters to the front, he gave me a striking illustration of the way in which he has realised the brilliant promises of his youth, by entertaining me for nearly the whole distance in a manner best calculated to display the versatility and power of his mind. He began by explaining in detail the combinations proposed for the day; the situation of the different troops; the possible means of thwarting them. All this was done clearly and forcibly, so that even a layman found the picture complete. His words were constantly interrupted by despatches being handed to him, but here, as through the excitement of the day's fight, he remained to all appearances as cool as though reviewing a company.

From military affairs the transition was natural to naval matters, in which his brother takes absorbing interest. Here, again, he asked questions about new types of cruisers and torpedo boats in foreign services, and discussed relative merits of different types with a precision of knowledge simply

astonishing. The world, moreover, may be surprised to know that the Emperor in person discusses and approves the plan of every ship laid down in the navy.

It has not been my purpose to pretend that a man of thirty can occupy the throne of Frederick the Great, and immediately rule with the wisdom that rarely comes without long years of experience. But we can say that no ruler of his years has ever sat upon the throne with a mind more richly stored with practical knowledge; with a spirit more devoted to what he recognises as duty; with a body better trained by virtuous living to endure every form of work.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

II.

IN the secret archives of the Indian Government at this moment there is lying a curious letter, written by one of the reigning Princes who preserve a more or less visionary independence under the shadow of our Indian Empire, in which the writer, with the most ingenuous frankness, directs the Court Astrologer to interrogate the stars as to whether the following Thursday will be a propitious day on which to poison his uncle. There is a quaint horror about the bare suggestion, which shocks even officials versed in all the wiles of Oriental statecraft, but it has not led to the Prince's deposition. He is still a Sovereign, and, oddly enough, a special *protégé* of some advanced Radicals in the House of Commons.

The Imperial grandson of her Majesty the Queen differs, of course, *toto cælo* from the Indian Prince, who so touchingly proved his simple faith in the stars. It is impossible for a Hohenzollern and a Christian in the nineteenth century to dream of poisoning anyone. But if the blunt truth be spoken, it must in all candour be admitted that Kaiser Wilhelm has, in the past two years, succeeded in administering to the conscience of Europe a shock not less severe for the violence which it did to the conventional moralities and proprieties of his *milieu* than that which was given to Asiatic morality by the poison despatch of the Indian Prince. In the highest, or all but the highest circles, there are many who will condemn such plain speaking as this. Foreign Ministers, past and present, will tell us that the young Kaiser is, after the Emperor of Russia, the most powerful Potentate in Europe. He is proud, vain, arrogant, and as quick to take offence as he is to give it. Therefore, when he visits our shores, we must speak with bated breath of his

shortcomings, or dwell only on his virtues. But with all his faults, the young Kaiser is yet a descendant of Frederick the Great, and he will recognise with a certain fierce respect the sturdy independence which refuses to bow the knee before a guest whom we do not deem worthy of our homage.

In this article there is no attempt to sum up impartially the character of our visitor. Others will exaggerate his virtues; it will be but just in these pages to supply the shades in the Imperial picture.

Last year, Europe, standing around the deathbed throne of Frederick, experienced a new and unwonted emotion of sympathy, tenderness, and reverence. The dying Emperor stirred the universal heart of mankind with a strange, strong thrill of admiration and devotion. Even those whose sons had perished in battle before the advance of the armies which he had commanded stood with silent awe and sympathetic admiration before the spectacle of the Emperor, with the cancer eating like a wolf into his throat, discharging his duties to the last with steadfast calmness and heroic self-possession. No thought of self dimmed the lustre of that unequalled reign. All unconscious that he was the central figure of a tragedy on which the whole world gazed with fascinated horror, he lived his reign of lingering death, and when at last he died he left indelibly stamped upon the memory of his generation a realised ideal of unselfish duty heroically and simply performed.

As the Prince of Wales remarked by the side of the grave, "If the old Emperor taught us how to live, Frederick has taught us how to die." No doubt it was no easy task to succeed such a father, and the world would have been disposed to make full allowance for the inevitable and necessary contrasts which occur where all are crying *Le Roy est mort, vive le Roy*. But the pitiable and terrible thing was that before he came to the throne the son had supplied the darkest shadow in his father's reign. That which saddened even strangers and foes only seemed to rouse into more relentless ruthlessness the eager, passionate selfishness

of the youth who stood upon the steps of the throne, watching with apparent impatience the rapid ravages of the disease which was hurrying his father to the grave. He seemed to chafe visibly against even the brief span which barred him from the possession of power, and the watchers by the sick-bed in Charlottenberg were always in dread when "Willie" visited his father, lest he might brusquely demand the establishment of a Regency which would enable him to grasp at once the reins of power. What a son must that have been from whom it was necessary to guard the death-bed of his sire!

"Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop. . . . .
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself."

Everyone had hoped that Kaiser Wilhelm, on ascending the throne, would differ from the Crown Prince as much as Henry V. differed from Prince Hal. But those who entertained such hopes hear with sorrow the report that his latest exploit has been to recall all the coins struck by the Imperial mint during his father's reign. Not even, it is said bitterly, by the poor memorial of their current coin shall the people of Germany be reminded of the short reign of their one Liberal Emperor.

Undue precipitancy, and reckless indifference to the suffering it occasions, or the risks which may follow, have distinguished every act of the young Emperor. He has always been in a hurry. He could not wait till his father's death to grasp the reins of power. Before he had seated himself upon

the throne he was off to St. Petersburg to visit the Czar, and rendered almost impossible the traditional and family relations existing between the German and English Courts. Hitherto he has happily escaped falling into serious mischief, but the dangers of such a temperament are not likely to decrease with time, and the presence of this bull in the European china-shop does not tend to increase a feeling of security in the continuance of peace.

The young man, no doubt, imagines that this feverish and impulsive course of action is an evidence of his independence. But the limits of Imperial volition are but narrow, and a Kaiser may be, after all, but a plaything in the hands of his Ministers. There is something almost touching in the way in which the young Emperor was jockeyed by Count Herbert Bismarck during the visit to the Pope. No incident in his brief reign—always excepting the way he outraged the respect due to his father's memory—created a worse impression than the apparent affront which he put upon the Holy Father. But its true significance, or rather its bearing upon the personal relations of Emperor, Pope, and Herbert Bismarck, has not been hitherto quite understood outside the Vatican. From a closer acquaintance with the facts, now for the first time authentically set forth on first-hand authority, it appears that the painful incident which took place at the Vatican was none of his contriving. Count Herbert Bismarck, who personally conducted his Sovereign to Vienna and to Rome, did not wish that the Kaiser and the Pope should have any opportunity for intimate or private conversation. With a characteristic combination of cunning and audacity he contrived to gain his end, while apparently allowing the Emperor to take his own course.

The interview with the Pope was fixed to take place in private, and it was arranged that it should last half an hour. Count Herbert settled with Herr Schlözer, the German Ambassador, that the Emperor's watch should be ten minutes late. The Holy Father was kept waiting till nearly a quarter-

past one, a discourtesy for which the Emperor should not be made responsible. As Count Herbert had delayed the arrival of the Emperor, he expedited that of Prince Henry. Accompanied by the Prince and Herr Schlözer, he pressed his way through to the private room of the Pope, immediately adjoining the chamber in which the Emperor and the Pope were conversing.

The astonished major-domo was addressed impressively by the German Foreign Minister: "A Prussian Prince cannot be kept waiting in an ante-chamber," said he.

"But," replied the major-domo, apologetically, "This is not an ante-chamber, it is the private apartment of His Holiness. I cannot interrupt the audience; you must wait until His Holiness——" "No," said Herbert Bismarck, "it must be now or never. If the Prince is not admitted immediately we shall at once leave the palace." Suiting the action to the word, he strode forward to throw open the door which led to the Pope's chamber. Prince Henry stood looking ill at ease and somewhat foolish. The major-domo hesitated for a moment as to whether to risk a fracas, and then, deciding that it was best to avoid a scandal, opened the door. Prince Henry's entrance abruptly closed the Imperial audience which had only lasted ten or twelve minutes instead of thirty; in other words, it had hardly begun. The studied insolence of young Bismarck made a painful impression on those who witnessed it. His father, it was remarked, would never have been so brutal. The Chancellor can be violent, arrogant, and brutal, but only on occasions. He was bred in the old school of diplomacy, and he would not have condescended to bullying major-domos and jockeying his princes. It is a curious circumstance and worthy of note, that after this little drama had been enacted the Count, talking to the Ambassador in German, which he imagined no one present understood, chuckled over the skill with which they had shortened the audience. The Ambassador rubbed his hands with glee. It was, no doubt, a clever trick, but a trick in

which the Emperor played the part of tool. It is a fate which often befalls those who imagine that they are carrying all before them by the sheer force of their own initial velocity.

This kind of thing, however, cannot be repeated often with impunity. Outwardly, there is no sign that the Emperor has revolted against the authority of the Chancellor; the farce of devotion to the Bismarcks, *père et fils*, is studiously kept up. Berliners have shrugged their shoulders as they have seen the Emperor reversing the usual *rôle* of Sovereign by calling every morning upon Herbert Bismarck, instead of waiting the formal visit of his Foreign Minister. The story is current that the Bismarcks have even exacted a pledge from their Imperial master that in future he will make no speech to any of his subjects until he has submitted the MSS. to the father or son for their approval or commendation. Considering the unwisdom of some of the Imperial utterances, no one can say that this precaution is unnecessary. But signs are not lacking that the Emperor is meditating at least a change of masters. For some time past it has been evident that there is going on in high places a struggle between the Bismarcks and the Waldersees for the possession of the control of the Kaiser. Those who profess to know predict that the victory will not remain with the Bismarcks. The Chancellor is old and imperious to boot. Bismarck is a statesman. William is a soldier before all As such he is much more in accord with Count Waldersee, who, moreover, has an invaluable ally in his admirable American wife, against whom not even Berlin scandal has whispered a word.

The German Emperor is a man limited in intellect, but of considerable capacity within the comparatively narrow range of his thoughts. His assiduity is admirable, and when he applies himself to the mastering of a difficult problem he sends his mind through it like a saw. He has many of the virtues of the Hohenzollerns, and no small share of the military genius of his race. His critics vie with his admirers in praising the new drill

and cavalry manœuvres which he has introduced into the German army. They are said to be something quite extraordinary from a military point of view.

Whether they are of his invention, or whether he has adroitly appropriated the ideas of someone else, may never be known, for one of the worst features of the young monarch's character is the greediness with which he monopolises all the kudos, not only for his own actions, but for those of others who are associated with him. He is all for giving honour to him to whom he thinks honour is due, but the only person to whom he thinks honour is due appears to be William of Hohenzollern. He is an inveterate *poseur*. He plays the first *rôle* on the European stage, and he never forgets it. His mania for travelling is perhaps a phase of this passion for—shall we call it notoriety? In France they nickname him the "Imperial bagman," and he has certainly spent much of his reign on the road. This is the more remarkable, because before his accession he cultivated a stolid indifference to everything that was not German. Although by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the palate, he is even said to devote himself exclusively to German eatables and champagne bottled on the banks of the Rhine. His ideal king is not Frederick the Great, but Frederick William. The Great Frederick was not German enough for the young Kaiser. Of Frederick William he is reputed to have said, in a burst of admiring envy, "He at least could speak no language but German." Unfortunately, his own knowledge of our language in no way seems to have developed any admiration for our country. We see at the head of a great military Empire an impulsive young soldier, who, although he thinks that an Englishman stinks of trade, envies our commerce; who is constantly being told that he is a military genius of the first rank, and who would always be afforded opportunities enough of putting his new manœuvres to a practical test.

In his domestic policy he has given signs enough that his is hardly the steady hand which the Empire needs to guide it

through the difficulties which abound within its frontiers. Anything more unfortunate—to speak mildly—than the fashion in which he rated the Berlin Municipal authorities, because of the alleged misdeeds of some newspaper, could hardly be imagined. That ill-advised tirade rankles in the hearts of the Berliners; so bitterly was it resented that it was only by a majority of one that the Municipal Council consented to vote the funds necessary to decorate the capital in honour of the visit of the King of Italy. His savage threat to shoot down the miners on strike "in heaps," if they resorted to violence, was as characteristic as it was unwise. Kings should not threaten their subjects with massacre.

The Pope, who is a keen judge of character, is said to have passed a most unfavourable judgment on the Emperor William, and to have prophesied that his reign would end in disaster. Whether that prediction will be realised, the future alone can show, but it is an evil spectacle to see such a son assiduously effacing all memory of such a father. Not even the name of Friederichskrone is to be allowed to remain attached to the New Palace, whose designation had been altered by his father immediately before his death. William II. of Germany, however, may yet play a very serious part in the history of Europe, but it is difficult to realise that such a man can be the son of Frederick II. and the Empress Victoria, and the grandson of our Queen and the Prince Consort.

EIGHT HOURS THE MAXIMUM WORKING DAY.

A REPLY.

THE proposal to fix by law eight hours as the *maximum* day's work in all factories, workshops, mines, railways, shops, tramways, omnibus lines, Government employment, &c.—the legal enactment, that is, that eight hours shall be the limit of the day's work in all trades for men and women, and that any extension of such working time shall be dealt with as exceptional instead of being taken as the rule—this suggestion, is, of course, vigorously opposed by Radicals of the old Cobdenite school of "free contract." At the present moment the most active and formidable adversaries of the agitation for an eight hour day in Great Britain are Mr. Charles Bradlaugh and Mr. John Morley, who repeat, with the variations due to their individual ability, the arguments of the capitalist class in every country. In Germany, for instance, the capitalist class, whether Liberal or Reactionary, is opposed to an eight hour day, on the ground that, if such a reduction of hours were enforced, it would be impossible to pay the present rate of wages and meet English, French, and Belgian competition. In France the capitalists argue against the limitation, because it would encourage English, German, and Belgian competition. In Belgium the change is denounced from the same quarter by reason of the danger from English, French, and German competition. While here in Great Britain the fearful results which would ensue from

German, French, and Belgian competition are painted in the darkest colours. And so on, round the whole circle of industrial conflict.

The Swiss Government, recognising the cruel absurdity of all this anarchic antagonism between the workers of different nationalities, has invited the other Governments of Europe to discuss the possibility and advisability of limiting the hours of labour by law internationally. Our own Government has alone refused to enter into debate on the question. This shows how, on social questions, commercial Liberals and commercial Tories are now practically agreed in this country. The mere fact, however, that such an International Conference of Governments will be held in September, to consider the conditions under which labour suffers throughout Europe, goes far to meet the arguments of our opponents which are based on national competition, even if the workers themselves were not rapidly combining internationally. I shall contend, however, that the enactment of an eight hour law for Great Britain itself would have a most beneficial effect, and would not be attended by the injurious results apprehended by the advocates of "free contract."

In dealing with Mr. Bradlaugh's paper in the July number of the NEW REVIEW it is satisfactory to be able to quote from him that he is "thoroughly and earnestly in favour of shortening hours of labour to the lowest point consistent with the profitable conduct of each industry." That sentence does at any rate assert that, in Mr. Bradlaugh's opinion, machines ought to be made for men, not men for machines. But who is to judge what the word "profitable" is to be taken to mean? During the first half of the present century, and still more recently, the capitalist class vigorously contended in the House of Commons that it would be impossible to conduct the mining and factory industries profitably unless young women and children of tender years were worked twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day under the most fearfully insanitary and

exhausting conditions. The Legislature decided that it was not to the advantage of the community that the health and strength of the women and children should be utterly destroyed for the sake of "the profitable conduct of each industry" affected. I affirm the same principle now and give it wider application, on the ground that "free contract" between adult workers and capitalists is quite illusory at the present time. And I say, further, that the limitations already imposed by the Legislature on the power of the employing class to overwork their "hands" under age has not even decreased their profits. Far from it, as a reference to the returns under Schedule D will convince Mr. Bradlaugh. Yet, if the masters' view as to what was "the lowest point consistent with the profitable conduct of each industry," had been accepted, the Factory Acts would never have been passed at all.

Nobody disputes that eight hours a day of continuous heavy labour is more than enough for the strongest adult male. Strong men of my own class who doubt it had better try a solid week's turn in a factory, taking, for example, the work of some woman or girl in one of our North Country mills, or here in London, who does her fifty-six and a-half or sixty hours a week. They will want to stop at the forty-eight hours a week limit, I'll be bound; and at the end of a year of such toil their present robust appearance would be markedly changed for the worse. Slaves on the West Indian plantations—agricultural workers in the open air, bear in mind—were restricted by law to forty-five hours' work a week. Horses in omnibuses and tramcars cannot be worked continuously more than three and a-half to four hours a day at the outside, and are given one day's rest in the week. This is profitable. Drivers and conductors are worked continuously sixteen and seventeen hours a day and are not given one day's rest in the week. This, too, is profitable. Again, as has been unceasingly pointed out by the Factory Inspectors, by the *Lancet*, and by doctors of the highest standing, women are still so hideously overworked

in factories, in shops, behind bars, &c., that they become physiologically incapable of bearing healthy children. Is that profitable to the nation? Assuredly not. We are nevertheless sowing the seeds of physical decrepitude and decay all around us, even as we argue, by permitting this deliberate sacrifice of women to the gain of a class.

I repeat, therefore, that Mr. Bradlaugh, especially as he is fond of definitions, should have been very careful to define the signification of the word "profitable," in order that we might thoroughly understand whether it is the profit of a particular class which he has in view as the object of legislation, or the health, strength, and general well-being of the people of the United Kingdom, which should be the concern of Parliament.

That said, I proceed to consider Mr. Bradlaugh's four numbered statements, only remarking in passing that those of us who advocate legislation for an eight hour day by no means wish or intend to increase the working hours of men and women who are working below that limit.

1. Mr. Bradlaugh, then, says that "it is not and ought not to be the business or duty of Parliament to fix the hours during which adults may work." Why not? Because it is "dangerous" to look to the Legislature to supply remedies for certain evils. Dangerous to whom or to what? For centuries the landlords and the capitalists have used the Legislature and the Government of the United Kingdom to pass laws in their own favour which confirmed them in the possession of the land and other monopolies, at the expense of the people. Mr. Bradlaugh has argued this view of the matter in days gone by with laudable zeal and persistence. If it was dangerous to the people for the governing classes to use the Legislature against them, it may be dangerous to the governing classes (but certainly not to the people) that the Legislature should be used against the monopolists in turn. The adult workers, for all their nominal freedom, have not been able to protect themselves against the most relentless economical oppression made legal

by the class Legislature. Now they rightly contend that the only peaceful way of improving their condition is by capturing this class Legislature and turning its powers against those who have thus oppressed and oppress them. Either legislation or revolution. I prefer legislation; and, revolutionist though I am, it seems to me that in this respect I am less of a subversionist than Mr. Bradlaugh. Our contention is that in place of the "struggle for existence" which is now going on, co-operation for existence, for bearable existence, must be substituted; and that an organised industrial democracy, controlling its own Legislature, will peacefully bring this about. The class Legislature will thus cease to exist. Meanwhile, adults have a perfect right to say how many hours in the day the monopolist classes shall have the power to use their labour for the profit of those classes. Or if not, why not? Perhaps Mr. Bradlaugh will explain.

2. "That though the shortest hours of labour possible in each industry should be sought by, and are beneficial to, the employed, such hours of daily labour should be the subject of separate negotiation and arrangement in each industry, and such arrangements should be arrived at by mutual discussion and understanding between the employers and the organised employed." Now, here it will be observed that Mr. Bradlaugh relies upon the efforts of the "organised employed." He is evidently thinking of the Trade Unions, which form but a small fraction of the working class in Great Britain; which have been singularly unsuccessful, owing to various causes, in bringing about any great improvements in their own conditions of labour; and which at the present time are accepting the proposal for an eight hours' law. But what are these Trade Unions? and how have they obtained what little advantages they have secured? The Trade Unions are associations of skilled workers, held together by the most rigid discipline, sometimes very severely enforced, and they have obtained what success they have achieved, first, by each man sinking his individuality and

right of "free contract" in order to obtain collectively from the employers boons which as isolated units they could never have got. And, secondly, by bringing pressure to bear on the Legislature and forcing that Legislature to pass little laws palliative of their present condition. How, then, if Mr. Bradlaugh approves of the action of the "organised employed" in special trades to-day can he disapprove of the organisation of the whole working class, whose interests are in the main identical, to the end that they may negotiate in a formidable array with the employers as a whole? Our object, at any rate, is to organise not merely the 400,000 Trade Unionists, but the whole body of 7,000,000 workers employed and unemployed, in order that "the shortest hours of labour possible in each industry should be sought by" them all together. Nor would they, when so organised, neglect the clerks, shopgirls, domestic servants, and other wage-earners. Even the "aristocracy of labour," which alone Mr. Bradlaugh seems to take into account, understand that their Trade Unions must take a new departure, if they are to continue to exercise any influence with the mass of the workers. This is proved among other evidence, by the representation of the most important English Trade Unions at the late International Workers' Congress in Paris, when an international reduction of the hours of labour was discussed.

The difference, therefore, between us seems here to be merely one of degree. Mr. Bradlaugh prefers that comparatively small bodies of organised employed should try to make head against the employers in their special trades. The advocates of an eight hour Bill are endeavouring to bring about a more thorough organisation of *all* workers, men and women, with a view to using the most powerful organisations of all, the Legislature and the Government, to decide the issue. Nowhere in the civilised world have the workers yet succeeded in thus capturing the political power; but in every country efforts are being made

in that direction, and in every country, also, a considerable reduction of the hours of labour is the first measure proposed.

3. "That if 'eight hours' labour per day' be translated to mean that no works of any description are to be conducted for more than eight hours in each twenty-four hours, the giving legal effect to a prohibition of that kind would certainly be serious to many of the largest industries in the country." What is meant by an eight hours' law has already been explained. If the employers choose to work their hands in eight hour shifts, they can keep their machines going night and day with the exception of one day in the week. No difficulty need arise, therefore, on that score. But Mr. Bradlaugh means, as he explains further on, that competition abroad renders the adoption of an eight hour day impossible.

Precisely the same argument was used against the Factory Acts. Yet at this present time the factory hands are actually producing far more at less cost with fifty-six and a-half hours a week of work than they did with seventy-two hours a week. The tendency of shorter hours is to introduce everywhere improved machinery, which, as the object of the capitalist class is to save wages and not to save labour, is not adopted by employers until it is manifestly to their pecuniary profit. This is precisely what has happened in every trade in which the hours of labour have been reduced either by arrangement or by law. A similar effect could not fail to be produced by the enactment of an eight hours' law for Great Britain. Better and quicker machinery, which to-day lacks a market, would at once be used even in the lace trade, given as a crucial instance by Mr. Bradlaugh, and more would be taken out of the workers in a given time. But their work would be of a superior character—experience in Victoria, where both capitalists and workers agree as to the benefits conferred by the eight hour day, shows this —and there is every reason to believe that England would

hold her own against foreign competition in every branch of trade still better than she does now; though this, I need scarcely say, is not the object which we have in view.

My own opinion is, that the effect of an eight hours' law would be to enhance production both in home and export industries by the adoption of improved machinery and the eight hours' shift. In this way the recurrence of industrial crises would be hastened, and the workers so far injured. But then nobody pretends that the eight hours' law is more than a palliative of our present system; and, in the meanwhile, work would be more evenly distributed, the workers would benefit physically, and their increased leisure would give them greater freedom to combine, as well as to examine into the causes of their economical and social position. This could not be but advantageous to the nation at large.

There are, however, as has been frequently pointed out in Socialist journals and magazines, no fewer than 1,500,000 producing and distributing wage-earners, who are in nowise affected by foreign competition, the great majority of whom are much overworked at the present time. That they would be immensely benefited by the eight hours' law, which would abolish overtime save in exceptional cases, does not admit of dispute, and most of the branches of trade where "sweating" is worst come under this category. To say the very least, there can be no objection on the score of competition to be urged against the reduction of hours in all Government establishments, such as the Post Office, Dockyards, Arsenals, &c., where excessive hours, undue pressure for overtime, and even actual sweating commonly prevail. Likewise, in all State and Municipal monopolies, such as railways, tramways, gas and waterworks, &c., the eight hour day should at once be enforced as a matter of common morality. The public surely has no right, take what ethical standpoint we may, to make profit by trading

on the necessities of working people, or to allow monopolist companies to do so.

Here, then, is a vast field in which the eight hours' law would at once produce unmixed good; and it is satisfactory to observe that the County Councils and School Boards are beginning to set the central Government a good example in this direction. The Social-Democratic Federation, which has vigorously agitated the Eight Hours' Question for the past eight years, has always laid great stress on this point of a reduction of hours in all Government and Municipal employment, as well as in all monopolies granted by the State or any public body.

Lastly, Mr. Bradlaugh says: "That to prevent men in all kinds of labour from working more than eight hours out of twenty-four may, and in some cases certainly would, involve a serious reduction of the wages hitherto received." Mr. Bradlaugh is, as I believe, entirely mistaken. In which trades are wages highest? Precisely in those in which shortest hours are worked. Wages are regulated permanently by the average standard of life in each trade, and temporarily by the amount of competition for employment in that trade. Now it is clear that the reduction of hours of labour to eight will, other things remaining unchanged, reduce the severity of competition in each trade by absorbing a number of unemployed hands. Consequently, the tendency will be for wages to rise. Where the eight hours' rule has had a fair trial, to cite Victoria again, wages have risen both nominally and actually. The working people who support the eight hours' law are, at any rate, quite ready to run the risk of a fall in wages, and they are the persons most directly interested. They contend, too, that the purchasing power of the workers, who would be put into work by the reduction of hours, devoted as it would be to reproductive expenditure, is far better for trade all round than the unproductive expenditure of the rich on luxuries. Can that be denied as an economical truth? Therefore, the tendency of

wages would be to rise on that account too. Apart from those direct causes tending towards improvement, the greater capacity of the workers to combine for their own purposes when there is more leisure must fairly be taken into consideration as having a similar influence.* But, assuming that Mr. Bradlaugh's contention is correct, that by no means ends the matter. We Social-Democrats would in that case supplement a *maximum* day's work of eight hours by fixing a *minimum* wage as well, which should be settled by the workers themselves. Nor can it be fairly argued—in a country where the producing classes receive in wages but £350,000,000 at the outside as their portion of a total annual income of over £1,200,000,000—that there is any lack of a superfluity of wealth to satisfy their reasonable requirements? The demand for the fixation of a high *minimum* wage in all Government and Municipal employment, as well as for all workers employed by monopolist companies, has already been formulated, even apart from the eight hours' law. There need, therefore, be no fear of any further reduction of wages by its enactment.

The reason why hitherto enactments in favour of shorter hours of labour have been so frequently rendered a dead letter, where they have been passed, is that, just as with laws against insanitary dwellings, adulteration, and other matters, the enforcement of the law has not been in the hands of the class interested in making it effective. This is especially the case in the United States of America, and Mr. Bradlaugh gives some evidence of the failure of local statutes for abridging the hours of toil. But at present in the United States *all* laws which have been passed to check capitalist spoliation, either of the workers or of the public at large, are habitually set aside, and this neglect is sanctioned by the

* Nothing much more sad can be imagined for those who reflect than that the London tram slaves should have had to meet at one o'clock in the morning to discuss their wrongs, because they could only get a moment to themselves by curtailing their brief period of sleep.

corrupt middle-class Legislatures. Let the working class obtain real instead of nominal control, and a very different state of things will be seen. So far from the Eight Hours' Movement having died down in America, however, it gains ground every day, and a vast organised agitation has of late commenced, having for its object to secure the eight hour day throughout the United States on May 1st, 1890. Cool observers, who have no direct interest in the matter, are of opinion that this time the men will be successful. Even if they are not, they will continue the struggle.

It is true, of course, that the working classes in Great Britain, as elsewhere, are often blind to their own interests, and a few years ago the vote of the toilers of this island might have been given against an eight hours' law. Capitalist theories had been so dinned into their ears that they accepted even the political economy fudged up for them by the profit-mongers. But a great change has taken place and is still going on. Take the plébiscite of the Trade Unionists, for example, the workers hitherto most opposed to Socialistic palliatives not initiated by themselves. Notwithstanding that the Trade Union Parliamentary Committee, dominated by the ex-Under Secretary of State, Mr. Henry Broadhurst, put the matter most unfairly in their circular, and assumed that an eight hours' law must reduce wages, the Trade Unionists gave a majority in favour of its enactment, and the majority is rapidly growing. I defy Mr. Bradlaugh to carry a resolution against an eight hours' law even to-day at any great meeting of genuine workers. The unorganised and unskilled labourers are stronger on this point than the Trade Unionists. There is not a working-class constituency throughout the country in which the eight hour day is not a burning question at this present time. Advanced Radicals, and even Tory Democrats who are at all in touch with the workers, are openly proclaiming themselves in London and in the provinces in favour of a

measure which has been forced upon them from below. It only remains to be seen how long the official "Leaders" will be able to obstruct the path of progress.

An eight hours' law is not Socialism. It is but a mild and, as I have said, very incomplete palliative of the evils engendered for the wage-earners by our capitalist system of production for profit; in which relentless competition for gain above, and still more bitter competition for subsistence wages below, bring about a fearful state of anarchy for the labourers of every country. It is only a step in the right direction, and a powerful aid towards the peaceful evolution of a better state of things. An eight hours' law will not prevent universal industrial crises, will not remove finally the unemployed difficulty, or cause the permanent absorption of the reserve army of labour; nor will the shorter hours lessen that demand for young, vigorous men and women to handle more rapid and powerful machinery, which tells so hardly upon skilled men over forty even to-day.

But the enactment of eight hours as the *maximum* day's work will enormously benefit the whole community nevertheless. It will stay at once, in some degree, the deplorable physical deterioration of our town population which is now going on, owing to persistent overwork. It will in all probability have the effect, both directly and indirectly, of raising the rate of wages in every trade. It will give the working classes more leisure to read, to think, and to render themselves capable of taking their full share, as educated, reflecting human beings, in the business of these islands; and it will give an impetus to the growing feeling of international solidarity among the workers of all countries, which is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

This being so, I confidently appeal to all who wish well to their fellow men and women to give their earnest support to the proposed eight hours' law.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

MYTHOLOGY AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.

IN turning over M. Renan's *Histoire du Peuple d'Israël*, the mythologist is impressed by the vagueness of M. Renan's remarks. Myths are vague affairs, at best, and can best be treated without too much definiteness. But they have certain fixed characteristics, and one of these is a habit of being much the same all the world over. If a tale be a genuine myth, you are likely to find it, in a rude or in an accomplished form, wherever you look. Here it may be a mere barbarous *conte populaire;* there it may have been shaped by Homer, and re-shaped by Plato. But the fundamental ideas are commonly much the same, and the poet handles matter which some medicine-man may have first brought into the general treasure of human fancy. Now it is highly probable that the myths in the Old Testament, if myths we are to call them, will partake of the usual character. Where they differ, the reasons for their differing will be of considerable interest. Why do they differ, we ask, and when the traditions or legends are *not* found among other peoples, whence did Israel derive them? From what particular national genius, or national characteristic have they sprung, and in what age?

A person who is curious, but who is no Orientalist, naturally looks to M. Renan for answers to these questions. But he only finds M. Renan talking in the vague about "myths," "legends," "fairy tales"; we get no real information from the famous scholar, and he sometimes does not even seem to know that information is wanted, that there exists a problem to be stated, if it cannot be solved.

One has a kind of traditional objection to talking about the "mythical" parts of the Old Testament. It is a way of speaking which must offend many people, perhaps needlessly, and again, it does not convey quite a correct impression. Whatever else the stories in Genesis and Exodus may be, they have moral and intellectual qualities, seriousness, orderliness, sobriety, and it may even be said, a poetic value, which are lacking in the mass of wild queries and fancies usually called myths. Whence this orderliness, sobriety, and poetry arise, why they are so solitary, so much confined to the ancient Hebrew literature, is exactly what we wish to know, and what M. Renan, perhaps, does not tell us. In one case, indeed, he hazards a theory; in another, and perhaps a more curious and remarkable instance, he marches away, like the Israelites from Egypt, in a dark night of generalities. It were superfluous to say that I have no intention of pretending to solve the problem, left undecided by M. Renan. My wish is merely to state the problem, and to ask for better knowledge from the learned.

The two most mythical parts of the Hebrew writings, if we are to use the term "mythical," are the earlier chapters of Genesis, including the cosmogony, and, again, the nobly romantic story of the Exodus. As to the cosmogony, and the rest of Genesis, M. Renan's theory, as far as he ventures on a theory, is this. The Semitic Nomads who became fathers of the Israelites dwelt much in Padan Aram, in a country which was an outlying province of Assyria. The language was Aramaic, and the myths of Babylon and Ur would be modified in this tongue. Chaldæan mythical ideas were found here in a condition more acceptable to the Nomads.

Had the Nomads no myths of their own? If not, were the Nomads likely people to pick up foreign mythical notions? All this is left vague. We are to presume that the Nomads had no myths of their own, or that they adapted them to Chaldæan ideas in an Aramaic shape. And what were Chaldæan ideas? "The human spirit, in this advanced outpost of its march, had

a dim notion of explaining the origin of the world without the intervention of the gods." (Renan, i. 69.) Of course, that is the very opposite of what the Hebrew cosmogony does. "Spontaneous generation, in too summary a statement and conception, was the fundamental dogma of Babylonian science. The world came out of chaos, from a deep abyss (*abîme profond*), from a fertile mud, like the alluvial deposits of Euphrates and Tigris. Out of this chaos, vivified by an amorous wind"—like the mares in Virgil—"emerged a series of inharmonious creations, which yielded place to beings better fitted for their environment, and finally to man." Can anything be less like the first chapter of Genesis?

If the Nomads took the Biblical cosmogony from this Chaldæan theory, it must be admitted that they greatly improved it, and altered it in the process of borrowing. If the story of creation in Genesis be a Hebrew adaptation of the story of evolution as told in Chaldæa, how has the one contradictory legend developed into the other? The Biblical myth we know: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Of the Chaldæan and Babylonian myths, whence the Nomad fathers of Israel are supposed to have borrowed, M. Lenormant quotes several variants. I cite M. Lenormant as M. Renan does so, and without any very hearty confidence. His first authority is Damascius. (p. 304, Ed. Kopp.) "Among the barbarians the people of Babylon seem to be silent about the First Principle, and they imagine two next, Tavthé and Apason, making Apason the husband of Tavthé, whom they call the mother of the gods. From their union comes one son, Moymis, who seems to me to be the intelligible world, offspring of the two first principles." Is *this* very like the narrative in Genesis? Then follow divers vague generations till we reach Belos (Bel), who *made* things by a peculiarly savage process; he cut up a woman, fashioned Heaven out of part of her body, and earth out of the other half. He then cut off his own head, and the gods made men out of mud and the blood of Belos! This latter part of the fable

is from Berosus. So far, the resemblance between Chaldæan ideas and the myths of Genesis is not very striking. Two things cannot be more unlike. The primitive gulf or chaos, the primitive couple, the making of things out of mutilated semi-human beings, occur in Norse, and Maori, and Red Indian, and Egyptian, and other mythologies, in various proportions and combinations, but not in the Bible. According to M. Renan, "the profound abyss" answers to the Tavthé (*Ταυθὲ*) of Damascius, and the "amorous wind" is the Apason who is husband of Tavthé. The only resemblance to Genesis is produced by taking Tavthé to be "the face of the waters," and Apason to be "the Spirit of God." It is Berosus who reports that there was a spontaneous generation, from water and darkness, of monstrous animals, such as dogs with four bodies and the tails of fish, and so forth. He adds the woman Omorca, who "presided over this creation," and who is Tavthé. Then comes Belos, who chops Omorca up, and so forth. These are Chaldæan traditions received through Greek texts. As for the Babylonian cosmogonic tablets, one of them begins, like legends of the Maoris and Egyptians, with Heaven and Earth. Another is in the *Transactions* of the Society of Biblical Archæology. (IV. i. 363. *Cf.* Lenormant, *Les Origines*, i. 494.) This starts when a nameless Heaven brooded over a nameless Earth, both children of the Abyss and Chaos. Then came the great gods. In short, the Chaldæan theory, as far as it is consistent, begins with a more or less personal chaos, producing monsters, and later reformed and organised by Belos, or Bel. The method of Bel, as we have said, was frankly savage, and he was aided by other gods and goddesses. The Biblical account, if it was derived from all this fudge, was wonderfully altered in the borrowing.

Manifestly, the Chaldæan cosmogonic myth was a medley of early metaphysics and early fable, like other cosmogonies. Why is the Biblical story so different in character? What is M. Renan's explanation of the difference? Well, the fathers of the Hebrews were (1) Semites, (2) Nomads, and that is all the expla-

nation. "The Nomad Semite is a Protestant." (Renan, i. 44.) "The causes of Semitic Monotheism are not simple"; the nomadic way of life has more to do with it than race. "The life of the tent seems to have been the main factor in the *selection* of this religious aristocracy which converted the world to Monotheism."

The world has had many nomad peoples. The Scythians did not prove particularly monotheistic, nor the wandering tribes of America and Australia. Yet they, too, like the fathers of the Hebrews, could not be furnished with "statues and temples." They, too, had most emphatically *les habitudes de galant homme!* They, too, had "little taste for pictures and statues." They, too, needed portable "god-houses," like the ark of Huitzilopochtli, if god-houses they were to have. And yet neither Iroquois, nor Kamlaroi, nor Scythians were more monotheistic than their neighbours. (The element of Monotheism in *all* religions is not here being discussed.) But the Nomads were not only nomads, they were *Semitic* Nomads. Now, to M. Renan's mind, "the lending of life to words is the cause of mythology. And the Semitic languages do not lend themselves much to those kinds of personification." All this has no value for mythologists, who believe that a certain condition of thought, a certain habit of mind, and not a disease of this or that language, is the cause of mythology. It is just as easy to say Heaven is a lover, Earth his wife, in a language where Heaven is *samâ*, and Earth is *Ars*, as in a language where Heaven is *Uranus*, and Earth is *Gæa*, as in Greek, or where Heaven is *Rangi*, and Earth is *Papa*, as in New Zealand. Again, "the Nomad tribe had no professional priests or sacrifices." (Renan, i. 54.) Nor had the Homeric Greeks. And so we really make no advance.

We merely learn that "The Semite shepherds who wandered *en ces parages* heard all the Chaldæan myths, and were much struck by them." They could not read or write. "In their Euhemeristic way", (by which gods are explained as men)

"they simplified these old fables," reduced them to the slight volume which could be carried in the baggage of the Nomad. By merely coming into the hands of Aramaic peoples, or wandering shepherds who could not write, these insane theogonies took on an infantine air. "The story of the Creation grew sober," uncommonly sober compared to the performances of Bel and Omorca, and the dogs with fishes' tails. . . . "The Deluge gets a moral signification; it is a punishment." Why, it is usually a punishment, even in Australia, though not universally. The foolish old Chaldæan fables were strapped on the back of the camel or the donkey, and in this parcel they, somehow, became the early chapters of Genesis. (Renan i. 78.) "The clean and sober imagination of Israel wrought this miracle. What is grotesque in Berosus seemed so true and natural in the Bible that our Western credulity took it for history, and thought it was breaking with mythology when it adopted their fables." (i. 81.)

Well: it *was* breaking with mythology. It was breaking with all that, in Mr. Max Müller's words, "makes mythology —mythological." It was breaking with what is silly, senseless, obscene, savage. A "miracle," indeed, was wrought, as M. Renan says, a moral and literary miracle at least, and how? Merely because of the conditions of the nomad life? But other Nomads do nothing miraculous in this kind. Merely by the genius of the Semitic language? But other Semitic peoples "did no great works" of this description. By virtue of the combination of language and life in the tent? But the founders of Islam, who enjoyed this happy combination, had the Hebrew doctrines for models. (Renan i. 77.)

When we call the earlier chapters of Genesis "mythological," we must remember that there are myths and myths. There is the rude guess at an explanation of this phenomenon or that, an explanation given in a story, while the story is a *märchen*, touched by barbaric fancy. There is the same *donnée*, worked over by a poet, as in Homer. Finally there is the poetic and philosophic myth consciously made by Plato, or even by Hegel,

for the purpose of supplying the mind with a sort of picture of events and influences confessed to be unknown, or even unknowable. The account of Creation in Genesis, as Dean Colet said, is a picture of this kind, a myth of the Platonic order of myths, a poetical presentation, orderly and beautiful, of things unseen and unrevealed. Occasionally it has a purely popular basis, as in the story of the Fall, which is in Genesis a "myth" of the origin of sin, of the *division* between man and man's ideal. Its foundation is in two world-wide fables of the origin of woman, and the origin of death, but it owes even more to the Hebrew genius, than similar fables owe to the genius of Æschylus in Greek. But to what is the Hebrew genius owing, and Who *selected* Israel? If nobody did, if evolution did it, some *viable* explanation of the processes might be suggested.

The only science here is the knowledge of our ignorance. The peddling little causes alleged, the tent, the grammatical constructions, the "genius of the language"—*les habitudes de galant homme*, all these are only parts of a new mythology. They are stories we tell to ourselves to explain the unknown. They explain nothing. They only amuse. The science of Religion, if there be or can be such a science, only knows, at present, how very little is known. Again and again M. Renan says as much as this: it is not he who needs these comments of an amateur; but his readers need them, the clever superficial men and women who think that everything has been found out, when next to nothing has been found out at all, who disbelieve in Authority, and do believe in "authorities."

On another point, of a very different character, M. Renan is not more helpful. The Exodus of Israel from Egypt was accompanied, according to the Scriptural account, by a series of prodigies. The monuments are silent about the Hebrews in Egypt, and about these events. M. Renan thinks that the supposed references are "errors of M. Chabas and of M. Lauth." (i. 140.) He believes that Israel remained in Egypt for not more

than a century. The objections to this theory are manifest, and need not be dwelt upon. The curious point is that (according to M. Renan) a settled residence in Khem did *not* produce so much effect on the Hebrew mind as the casual contact with Chaldæa. The fables of Egypt did *not* supplant "the old stock of Babylonian traditions." "There is no reason to suppose that the Egyptian texts had the slightest influence on the Israelites," a race so prone to adopt foreign superstitions. "They probably did not meet a single hierophant," whatever an Egyptian hierophant may have been. Herodotus, in a later age, met many who told him Temple legends, though he was but a tourist. The Israelites, M. Renan thinks, borrowed the ark, cherubim, golden calf, serpent, and the like. But they also supplied themselves with Egyptian chaplains,—the Levites! (i. 149.) ("Les Israëlites eurent probablement de ces sortes de ministres, d'origine égyptienne, que chaque famille nourissait pour les services religieux qu'ils rendaient.")

This is a remarkable theory. A set of Bedouins settle within Egypt, employ Egyptians as priests, and yet hardly carry away one Egyptian idea, at most a few traces of ritual. The Nomads, so easily penetrated by Babylonian notions (which they alter out of all knowledge), are all but impermeable to Egyptian notions for the fragments of *rêalien* are not important. These opinions appear difficult to reconcile.

The other difficulty is the myth about the Exodus; Moses, the Plagues, the ruin of the pursuing host, *les fables qui déforment cette légende*. Whence did *they* come, when or where were they invented? Two of them are myths indeed, myths found all the world over, ancient stories of the common store. These are the finding of Moses, which is a variant of "The Man born to be King," Cyrus, Romulus, Œdipous, the exposed Royal child. The other is the opening of the sea to let Israel pass and its closing on the Egyptians. Variants of this are nearly universal, in Zululand, in North America, in European and in Polynesian and Indian folk-lore.

But the rest, the wonderful tale of the Plagues, of the death of the first-born, of the pillar and the cloud, the night and the fire? What genius invented these, which are not part of the world's common treasury of myth? This may be a mere literary question, and yet one suspects the presence of some strange historical facts. The monuments are never likely to tell us; the Egyptians did not care to record failure and defeat. Even as a literary question it is worth more thought and care than M. Renan gives to it. Indeed, the whole question may be insoluble, but is eternally attractive. Behind it all is the mystery of race, and of *selection*. It is an ultimate fact in the history and government of the world, this eminent genius of one tiny people for religion. We know no more, and in M. Renan's own terms, the people was "selected," just as, in words more familiar, Israel is "The Chosen People."

ANDREW LANG.

THE NEW TREASURE-HUNT.

TOWARDS the end of this month, a little expedition will sail from Southampton on one of those golden quests which for a good many years past none but the novelists have engaged in. The destination of the expedition is (not to name it too particularly) a tiny island, lying amid "the foam of perilous seas," uninhabited save by sea-birds and crabs, a thousand miles or so from anywhere. And the object of the expedition is to search for a vast treasure of gold and jewels, which is believed to have been buried on the island more than seventy years ago. An emprise so romantic, sending us right back into the days when the trade-routes of the sea were marked out by the blood which the pirates had spilled on them, seems delightfully out of keeping with an age in which the Stock Exchange or the Bourse is the chief theatre of the treasure-hunter's operations. For this is pirates' gold that is buried in this desolate ocean isle, and the expedition that is to sail in a few weeks' time will be a real treasure-hunt. There is a history attached to it already, and it is rather curious.

Let us begin with the pirates, by whom the treasure was buried. To put one's money by and make it breed, which financial people doing a more or less legitimate business in stocks and such things consider a prudent policy, seems, on the whole, to have been one of the most *im*prudent policies when the business was piracy. Wise pirates, when they had taken a goodly prize, ran with it to the nearest safe

port, and made themselves unrecognisably drunk on the proceeds. Unlimited rum, and an occasional stabbing-bout, to keep their hands in against the day when business would be resumed, made the pirates as happy as they wished to be; and when they had spent their booty, and recovered from the *delirium tremens*, they went on board again, ran up the "Jolly Roger," and waited for another prize. The foolish pirates were those who went and hid their stolen talents in the earth; for so surely as they did this, the next vessel they chanced upon was a man-of-war, which carried them home to be hanged, a dozen in a row. Deep sunk in many a desert isle, in many an ocean, there must be millions of pieces of eight, moidores, and doubloons, and jewels and precious stones galore, which the gentlemen of fortune who hid them there, and who have long since rotted in chains at harbour mouths, were never able to go back for. Hence the treasure-hunts of days more enterprising; but somehow, the treasures were not unearthed. The island was found, or the spot on the mainland; but the chart was not quite correct, or not quite correctly interpreted; or provisions ran short before the booty could be dug up; or a storm prevented the boats from landing; or the crew mutinied; or the treasure-seekers quarrelled and slew each other—the spoil was never taken.

The crew who laid away the loot that the new expedition is to search for seem to have been in all respects a typical gang of sea-robbers. They ran out from Southampton about seventy years ago, in a smart schooner, excellently built for speed. There were Englishmen, Italians, Greeks, and a Turk—"hot boys, all on 'em"—and the skipper went by the name of Old Hellfire. Their ostensible business was palm oil and ivory, but it does not appear that either of those commodities was ever taken on board. They shipped a batch or two of slaves, and laid the schooner away across the Western Ocean. Fever broke out amongst the blacks, the captain dosed them

with laudanum, and the crew dropped them overboard. When in liquor, Captain Hellfire used to take pot-shots at his men with a pistol, and, as his aim was fairly good, he succeeded at last in peppering them into a state of high mutiny. They rose against him one night, and two of the Greeks held him while one of the English struck him through the back with a steel marlinespike. He was bundled into the sea, the mate was sent over the side after him, the skipper's murderer was voted captain in his place, and the "Jolly Roger" replaced the English colours at the masthead. Running south, they caught a Portuguese vessel, boarded her, drowned the crew, and emptied the ship of her rich contents. There was a Jew dealer amongst the passengers, whose baggage consisted chiefly of diamonds and rubies, so that prize must have been worth the taking.

But these pirates were foolish. They sailed with their treasure to an uninhabited island known to the captain, and there they buried it. Their luck, however, was not yet exhausted; they took other vessels, East Indiamen and some smaller game, killing all crews and passengers, and always carrying the best of the plunder to their hiding-place on the isle. It was an apt spot to receive such blood-stained booty; an utterly desolate and wholly forbidding island, unapproachable, except with the skilfullest management of boats; a lonely place, shaken and torn by volcanic upheavals, scarcely yielding shelter and water, and void of food for man. An ideal snuggery, however, for pirates' plunder; and this cut-throat crew made a fine treasure-island of it, if such there ever were. But it was a fatuous business, this heaping up of bullion and jewels, for the fates were always dead against such conduct on the part of gentlemen of fortune. More knowing hands would have run for the States, realised the swag, got fresh papers, sailed home innocently, divided up, and lived gallantly on the shares. The spoil of the Portuguese sloop would have made gentlemen of them all. Some of the gang thought as much, but the skipper,

whose cognomen was Lips, was always for getting a trifle more, and he always had his way.

And so it came about that one fair morning they sailed out to tackle an East Indiaman, and were tackled themselves. It was not often that the East Indiamen of those days showed their teeth when the crossbones overhauled them. In general, they were wretchedly armed with a brass swivel (never in working order), and a few cast-iron nine-pounders, all hampered up, and scarcely more serviceable than the modern British bayonet. Yet these East Indiamen had their holds stored with indigo and silks, and great consignments of jewels and gold for the dealers in London, Paris, Lisbon, the Papal States, and all other European markets. For once, however, here was an East Indiaman well-armed and pluckily manned. She faced the robbers, ran out her guns, and gave them a brisk good-day; shot away their rudder, splintered their masts, and brought the rigging about their ears. Then she boarded, put the shackles on the twenty pirates who had survived the engagement, took them off and lowered them into their own hold, where they had time to prepare their speeches for their last public appearance in Execution Dock. Nineteen of the twenty swung together on the Island of Cuba. The twentieth contrived to get his neck clear, and in due time made his way home to England. He was alive, a few years ago, in the North Country; and may be alive to-day. At any rate, he lived long enough to tell his tale, and to tell it with gusto. He was then close upon his ninetieth year, and his chief regret was that he had never got money enough together to sail in a ship of his own to the treasure-island where the jewels lay hidden. He had made careful working charts of the navigable side of the island, and marked down the position of the treasure, with good cross-bearings. But he could never raise sufficient money to provision so much as a fishing smack, and worked on in merchant vessels until his strength failed. In this condition, he handed over to a friend his charts, cross-

bearings, and drawings; and the first chapter of the romance closes here.*

A few years ago, a gentleman who had obtained possession of the pirate's charts, fitted out a barque at Sunderland, and sailed for that enticing island. His crew were mostly navvies, and poor ones apparently "at that." For, on reaching the island, they mutinied on account of the difficulties of landing; and their captain had to take them home again, empty-handed. He himself had contrived to effect a landing, and satisfied himself that every sounding and observation made by the pirate was correct. This is the end of the second chapter.

In the early autumn of 1880, Mr. E. F. Knight, a young English barrister, of Lincoln's Inn, and a skilled and intrepid yachtsman, sailed out from Southampton, in circumstances presumptuous and rash. He had with him three friends, two of whom were barristers like himself, but wholly ignorant of the sea. A lad of fifteen, who had picked up aboard a collier what nautical knowledge he possessed, completed the crew; and the vessel they had under them was a yawl of eighteen tons' register. With provisions for nine months, Mr. Knight proposed a trip to Buenos Ayres, with a river voyage thence into the heart of South America. And what he proposed he accomplished, though at the commencement of the expedition the odds must have seemed infinity to one against a successful issue. How it was done, most of us have read by this time in Mr. Knight's two delightful volumes entitled *The Cruise of the "Falcon,"* a work which, with no severe literary pretentions, has an almost Defoe-like charm of narrative. Three of the *Falcon's* crew, seduced by the soft delights of Paraguay, remained in that simple Paradise, where the population is chiefly female, and where a superfluity of clothing is unknown.

Sailing for home, with the boy and a scratch complement of

* The pirate's story may be read at length in that admirable collection of sea tales and sketches, the most life-like of their kind in the language, entitled, *Skippers and Shellbacks*, by Mr. James Runciman. See there the sketch, "An Old Pirate."

Italians, Mr. Knight resolved to land at and explore an island in the mid-seas, many leagues out of the *Falcon's* route. The little yawl had but just escaped shipwreck in a pampero, and some of the crew required strong handling, but the skipper found an adventurous ally in the cook, and they ran for the island. The skipper, the cook, and the boy, contrived to land, and very nearly to lose their lives after so doing. They had to fight with birds, to lie awake by turns at night to save themselves from being eaten by crabs, to slide down precipices inch by inch on their backs, and to face during many hours the expectation of death by thirst. They lost their way among rotten mountains that crumbled beneath their feet; they listened at night while the breakers made sport with the boat which had landed them, and which was their sole hope of escape from the barren fastnesses of their island; immense foul birds flapped incessantly over their heads, and often beat them with their wings; and the crabs made a semi-circle about them, whenever they halted, and stared at them stonily with horrible protruding eyes, waiting to feed on them.

And all this while the adventurers were tempted by the signs and tokens of buried treasure that strewed the surf-beaten shore; wreckage of all sorts, spars, casks and chests, and here the solid hull of a vessel, four-fifths embedded amid sand and scoria. Instant disruption must have been the fate of any and every vessel ever driven on that coast, and it was abundantly evident that of such disasters there had been not a few. But the skipper and his companions had neither pick nor shovel to their hands, and where the spoils of the sea lay thickest was the spot farthest removed from the only spring that had supplied them with water during their stay. So, when the rum bottle gave out, there was nothing for it but to plunge again into the surf, swim to the boat, and row themselves back to the *Falcon*. With the termination of the cruise of the *Falcon* terminates the third chapter of the story.

Chapter the fourth is in course of development, and shaping

well, with rapid increase of interest; and, as far as it has gone, it may be briefly set down. Some time after Mr. Knight had published the tale of his cruise—the most venturesome, perhaps, that was ever undertaken in a vessel of equal size and tonnage with the *Falcon*—he came to know more of that volcanic isle whereon he and the cook and the boy were like to have fed with their "corpses three" the land-crabs and the foul birds. The reader, no doubt, has already guessed its identity with the treasure-island of the over-grasping pirates. The steps need not be detailed by which (with the help of Mr. James Runciman) Mr. Knight, no long time since, found himself in possession of the chart and drawings of the survivor of that greedy gang. Everything tallied well with the observations which he himself had made during his brief sojourn on the island; nay, more, he is of opinion that he lay one night over the spot where the treasure is buried, in the hull of a vessel which some tidal wave from the south-east had cast up high on the shore. It is most strange, but the huge iron bar, wedged between two rocks, which puzzled the yachtsman sorely, is now believed to have been planted there by the pirates' own hands, to serve them for a landmark; and if this be so, the leader of the new expedition will be able to steer on a bee-line straight for the sunken hulk where the Jew's diamonds and the rest of the plunder are hidden. All the drawings, bearings, and so forth, appear to be as accurate as possible; and, indeed, there is little doubt that the pirate by whom they were made would never have let them go had he not seen at last that *his* chance of using them was hopeless. He was a nonogenarian, within a year or two, when he yielded them up.

They have fallen into shrewd hands now. As far as courage, enterprise, and resource are concerned, Mr. Knight would have been greatly in his element in command of an eighteenth-century privateer. He has now a ripe experience, he has proved that he can lead men in difficult places, he is indifferent alike to privation and to danger, and his conduct of a mere toy vessel in

storms that have sunk some of the largest and best-manned ships afloat has shown that he is capable of sailing, let me say, a New Zealand clipper, or even a steamer that carries the money of a hundred shareholders. To pick just the right sort of crew for this sort of enterprise is not the easiest part of the affair. When treasure-hunting is the game, the best captain wants the best possible crew under him, and it is, perhaps, just as well that Mr. Knight did not chance upon the pirates' horde when the *Falcon* was being sailed by a handful of Italians. The temptations of treasure on a lone island in mid-ocean are tremendous, as novelists have realised in imagination, and as some leaders of treasure-expeditions have learned in dreadful fact. "This is the heir; come, let us kill him." Many a good fellow before the mast never thought of turning pirate and murderer until the pieces of eight enticed him too strongly, on the safe shore of some ocean fastness.

But Mr. Knight has advised himself prudently on this point. Discarding the regular-paid hands (it would possibly be difficult to get a crew of the ordinary type to ship for a lengthened voyage of this kind), he has decided to take out with him a crew of gentlemen; say, yachtsmen who know something of the handling of a vessel, and who will prepare themselves to face a certain amount of positive hardship, and any amount of possible danger. For treasure-hunts are not pleasure-trips, and it is not easy sailing in the teeth of a pampero. A North Sea gale in November cuts out their work for the toughest and most seasoned salts, who await all mischances, from death to a smashed finger; but the *Falcon* had to plough her way amid hurricanes that longshore novelists who go to Clacton for their "effects" would be at a loss even to imagine. This, however, is the grimmest side of the picture. What the old eighteen-ton *Falcon* did, with Mr. Knight at the wheel, the new *Falcon*, of 150 tons, need not shrink from attempting. And, apart from the exciting pleasures of so novel a cruise under so capable a skipper, there are the rich chances

to look for when the goal shall be reached. The sunken treasure has been computed at a million sterling. Half that amount would be a goodly prize, and those who share the risks of the expedition will share what treasure it may yield.

History and fiction both seem to show that the chances are always against the treasure-seekers, and success is assuredly far from being a certainty in the present instance. Who, for example, can say positively that the treasure has not been already removed? That is, however, an unlikely assumption, since there is no reason to believe that, after the nineteen pirates were hanged, their secret was known to anyone except the twentieth who survived, and he appears to have kept it jealously so long as the ghost of a chance remained to him of turning it to his own account. An assumption more plausible would be, that by the operation of natural forces the treasure has ere this been placed beyond the reach of man. The pumice-stone and scoria on the mountainous volcanic rock slips steadily, and the droppings of seventy years (to mention no other possible forces) must have raised a big and solid tumulus above the sunken hull. But this is in all likelihood the chief danger to be anticipated, as it will furnish the chief labour to be undergone; and with the exact bearings of the deposit in the commander's possession it should be no impossible task to reach the wreck. Mr. Knight, at all events, has satisfied himself, as far as may be, both that the treasure exists and that it can be recovered. On the whole, the expedition will start under more favourable auspices than any previous undertaking of the kind, and on the day that it sails from Southampton the fourth chapter of the romance will have closed. Let it be hoped that the fifth and final chapter (when it comes to be written) will possess the merit, not common to treasure-stories, of a happy ending.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

I REMEMBER a lecture by Professor Tyndall at the Royal Institution, on one of the Friday evenings, when there was nothing whatever lying on the table in the shape of apparatus except what seemed to be a useless old coil of brown copper wire. This coil was a treasured relic of the great Faraday, and, as Professor Tyndall remarked, "Faraday discovered that when he approached this coil of wire to a permanent magnet a current of electricity was created in the coil in one direction, and as he withdrew the coil a current of electricity was created in the reverse direction": *i.e.*, that if by any mechanical means you do work against the existing stresses in a magnetic field, the equivalent for that work performed shall be the creation of a current of electricity in the conductor. Upon this one great fact depends the whole of our modern system of electricity as applied to public and domestic lighting by electricity.

A dynamo is an arrangement composed of either one or more magnets and coils of copper wire, wound on a core or spindle which revolves rapidly in front of the magnets. If the coils round the spindle are not closed there is no circuit in which a current can circulate, and the work required to turn the spindle is only dependent on the mass or bulk of the spindle and wire, and the friction of turning the machine. If, on the other hand, the coil of wire is closed and the ends are joined—either at the machine itself or

carried a long way further by adding some hundreds of yards or even miles of wire to the two ends of the coil as it leaves the spindle—work has to be done against the resistance of the stationary magnets, and the expression of that work is a current of electricity in the coil, or, as it is called, the outer circuit.

Every form of dynamo is a more or less good machine for carrying out this electrical law, and the great strides that have been made of late years in electric lighting depend solely on improvements in the forms of the machinery and winding of the wire coils for carrying out the effects of this principle.

Given, then, a source of power in the shape of an engine of one sort or another, and a dynamo for producing electricity in exchange for the work done by the engine, we have only to consider what is called the *outer circuit* or *line*, including the lamps which it feeds. It is necessary, however, to bear one thing in mind before we can gain any idea of what electric lighting means.

We speak colloquially of a "current" as if we were discussing the action of a material fluid, though we know that electricity cannot be this. I will not go into a scientific disquisition as to the nature of electricity, still it is very important not to get into the confusion of mind which people did when, in olden days, they used to talk of heat as *caloric*. Heat is, as we know, a rapid movement of the particles or atoms in a material body which produces corresponding movements in an imponderable medium, which pervades all nature, called ether. Electricity is to all intents and purposes also a movement of the same order, with this difference, that while it is difficult to take a given amount of heat energy and either concentrate it to the exact amount we require, or spread it over exactly the surface we want, with electricity we are able to do this to a far greater extent, and we can measure accurately the quantity, or, as it is called, the number of

amperes, of a current passing along a wire, and we can also measure its electro-motive force or number of *volts*.*

These two aspects of the so-called current are absolutely necessary to realise, if one would understand the details of a practical character which pertain to the machines which are used for making the electric light.

The scientific laws which pertain to the production of electricity under different circumstances and with different apparatus are very intricate and even somewhat obscure. It is known that the quantity of electricity in a flash of lightning may be compared to a thimbleful, though its electro-motive force may be of many more thousand volts than any machine we could possibly manufacture. The earth, in fact, is comparable with the large plate of a gigantic frictional machine, such as we have all seen used in experiments, while the clouds are at once the collectors and rubbers of this huge earth machine, and it is easy to understand the immense effect. Primary batteries made of two different solids and an acid medium, and also so-called storage or secondary batteries, are capable of producing large quantities of electricity exactly proportional to the surface of the number of the plates in the battery. But the electro-motive force of any one cell is inconsiderable for practical purposes, and as a fact in electric lighting, we are compelled to put fifty such storage batteries in series, or I might perhaps more clearly say in tandem, before we can obtain a hundred volts, which is the strength of current most frequently used for incandescent lighting. So important has it become to consider this, as it were, twofold nature of every current used for lighting purposes, that a new term has of late years been introduced into the

* The unit of current is, of course, one ampere, as the unit of electro-motive force is one volt, and the unit of resistance is one ohm. It is usual to define the relation between these units thus: A unit of resistance, or, as it is called, the standard ohm, may be represented by a length of wire of standard substance, standard diameter and temperature, which will absorb one unit of electro-motive force, *i.e.*, one volt, when one unit of quantity, *i.e.*, one ampere, passes along it.

nomenclature of the subject, and it is customary to talk of the product of the electro-motive force of a current with its quantity in *Watts*, after the reputed inventor of the modern steam engine.

It will be readily understood from this somewhat dry introduction to the subject that not only electric lighting generally, but also dynamos, differ very largely in the class of currents that are employed. As a fact, that branch of lighting which is called arc lighting depends on using a current of a very high electro-motive force, in order to make the current jump across the intervening air space between the two carbon rods of an arc lamp. The great difficulty that has had to be contended with in this form of lighting has not been so much to obtain a steady source of electricity of a uniform electro-motive force from the dynamo machines, but to obtain carbon rods that do not vary as they burn away, in the resistance which they offer to the passing of the current; and the further difficulty of regulating the distance of the carbon points from one another, so that the intervening air space and, therefore, the general resistance of the whole circuit, should remain constant. It is easy to see that if all these difficulties are not provided for we must have that blinking and flickering which is so often noticed with arc lights. Before going on to explain the methods employed for domestic lighting, I will ask the reader to bear in mind that every current as it passes along a wire is gradually eaten up by the resistance of that wire to the passage of the current, and this resistance is inversely proportional to the size or section of the wire. For economical purposes it is obviously better to use light wires, and this we can only do with high electro-motive force. Unfortunately, we cannot light our houses with arc lights, which take a current of about fifty volts *each*, not only on account of the disagreeable character of an arc light, but because of the danger to life of touching cables or wires carrying such powerful currents. Any current over 1,000 volts is dangerous to the touch. We therefore

have devoted our energies to developing the use of 100 volt currents, which are perfectly safe, and very well adapted to the size of incandescent lamps, which it is found most economical to make.

The difference of output of a dynamo depends on the method of winding the revolving coil or armature, on the size of the wire it is wound with, on the number of turns of wire that run round the armature, and the rate at which the dynamo is made to revolve, the rate of revolution being between 250 and 1,000.

As I have said, the loss of voltage in a cable or circuit depends on the electro-motive force of the current. If we are using long circuits we have to increase the size of the wire we use in forming the circuit, or circuits if there are more than one in a house; otherwise we should be daily losing no inconsiderable portion of the work that our steam engine was doing in simply heating the cables and destroying the insulating material they are wound with. It is usual, therefore, in laying out a circuit through a house to calculate every portion of the leads, to estimate the quantity or number of amperes which each part has to carry, according to the length of the cables, and the number of the lamps to be inserted.

The method of laying a cable is also worth notice. It is indispensable that every lamp in the circuit should stand electrically as remote from the dynamo the one as the others, *i.e.*, that the current shall travel the same distance before it arrives at the lamp which is situated nearest the dynamo as the one that is most remote. Take a long hall, for instance, or a church: the cable is run right round once, and one end is taken back again to the far end. The lamps are then set on the cable at any point between the first and the middle wire so that the path travelled by the current is the same distance for each lamp. In New York, where the system of using 100 volt currents is used for street lighting as well as houses, the circuit is laid in mains all round a district with

points arranged in the circuit for injecting the current into the cable at several places, and the charge is regulated so as to maintain the electro-motive force of the mains constant.

A new development of electric lighting has lately been much taken up with considerable success, though it is doubtful if it is not being carried too far. The system is to create a very powerful current at some distant point outside a town and to send it up, say in London, by the underground railway, and carry this current to various central stations where it will be converted down from a 10,000 volt to a 2,000 volt, while from these central stations it shall be led away again to the different houses of a district, to be converted in each particular house into the required 100 volt current that shall pass through the lamps. There are various forms of converters in use, but they all depend on passing the high voltage current through a coil surrounded by another coil, which, while absolutely insulated from it, is so arranged as to relative size of wire, and the number of turns of wire used, that the *induced* or secondary current that is created shall bear the wished-for relation to the primary or inducing currents.

It is in this direction that the next great advance must be looked for in the science. In order to light even a limited area with currents of 100 volts we should have to use conductors of such size and weight that we could certainly not run them overhead ; and as to laying them underground it is quite impossible in the narrow streets of London to provide trenches sufficiently large to hold the cables that would be required. This is a matter that has not been half realised by companies that have lately obtained provisional orders for district lighting ; nor has it been realised by investors. If I might be allowed to offer a word of advice to intending purchasers of electric light companies' stocks, I should say, do not buy a single electric light share till you have seen that the cables have been properly laid, and that they are of sufficient capacity to light the whole district the company have taken powers to deal with. I can conceive no

better investment than the shares of a company that has thoroughly wired its area, but I have the greatest doubts whether any of these companies have the least realised what this means, and I am confident that, except for districts where the main current used is at least a 2,000 volt current, it will be absolutely impossible to lay the wires underground in the narrow streets of this Metropolis. I am quite aware I shall be met with a flat contradiction from half the electrical engineers who are concerned in these ventures, but I am confident of what I am saying, and those who buy electric companies' shares before the companies have fully wired their districts must not be surprised if there is future disappointment. The electric lighting Acts contemplated the laying of all mains underground, but there is no doubt that whatever system of wiring is adopted it will be found absolutely impossible to wire a district successfully, so as to provide mains that will carry all the current required for the lighting of every house the same as at present with gas, till the whole subject of overhead wiring has been dealt with certainly for running the subsidiary leads. In some of the New York avenues the trenches for the electric cables are from 6ft. to 8ft. across, and 8ft. to 10ft. deep. The cables, or rather, solid copper rods, are laid in pairs of semi-circular form, insulated in iron pipes, and there are over a dozen of these in some of the main trenches.

The next important point in electric lighting for domestic purposes is the use of storage batteries. This is a very big subject and I can only indicate the outline of the question here. Great improvements have been made in the construction of storage cells. They all depend, however on finding a means of holding the peroxide of lead in a solid form in the lead grid of the positive plate. It has been found difficult, so far, to prevent the daily work of the battery alternately oxidising and deoxidising this peroxide, from interfering with the constitution of this composite grid of lead with peroxide paste pressed into it. In time the plate either bends or the paste falls out, and,

however carefully cells are charged and discharged, the length of life of the plates of a cell is very unsatisfactory, and the cost of renewal is very heavy. Electric light stations are, however, being arranged in some places which depend on planting groups of storage cells in rented premises about a district, and charging these different reservoirs from a central station during the day. The different consumers take their current direct from the storage centres, and not from the central dynamo station. In small areas this system promises well, though the expense must be considerable until further improvements have been made in the making of plates. The great advantage of always having a *head* of current is incalculable in a town like London, where fogs come on at half an hour's notice, and it is impossible to get up steam quick enough to meet all the lights that are naturally turned on by consumers.

For domestic lighting of a private character the use of storage batteries is really indispensable. Anybody can put up 100 cells that will run 200 to 300 or a less number of lights. It requires a much smaller engine power to charge a battery than it does to run the same number of lights successfully from off the machine, as the batteries are charged slowly all day and the amperes required for charging are less than would be required to run the number of lights the storage battery can feed. Again, with a moderate amount of training anyone can learn to charge and discharge cells, whereas to run a lot of lights direct off an engine requires the presence of an experienced and careful engineer the whole duration of the run. Of course, where a large number of lights are employed, or in factories where engine power is always on hand, and engineers are on the spot, storage batteries are not required. In a large plant, however, of over 1,000 lights, that I have had to do with the designing and putting up of, it was found absolutely necessary to have storage power for over 200 lights, otherwise the engines would have to be perpetually going the whole night. This plant, which was arranged to light a very large place, covering a